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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

ON Saturday last the Ambassadors' Conference met in Paris, and, as had been anticipated, unanimously decided that evacuation of the Cologne Zone on January 10th was impossible. It then proceeded to consider the terms of a Note in which this decision should be conveyed to the German Government before January 10th. The drafting of this Note has revealed important differences between the British and French conceptions of the grounds on which non-evacuation is to be justified, and of the procedure now to be followed. The French standpoint is that the material already furnished by the interim reports of the Inter-Allied Disarmament Commission is of itself sufficient, without waiting for the Commission's final report, to permit a definitive declaration of German default, and even of flagrant default, involving as a corollary indefinite prolongation of the Occupation and British concurrence in such indefinite prolongation. The British standpoint, on the contrary, is that, pending the receipt of the Disarmament Commission's final report, no definitive judgment can be formed on the degree to which Germany has failed to carry out the Disarmament clauses of the Treaty. The Note now drafted is therefore preliminary only, and the delay in evacuation provisional. It is satisfactory to know that the British Government is so fully alive to the issues involved that it has reserved to itself the right to revise the Note as drafted by the Ambassadors' Conference.

We comment elsewhere on the broad issues raised by the Cologne and Disarmament questions. It remains to be seen whether the Foreign Office, which a few weeks ago was known to favour an *ad hoc* agreement with Germany, has good reasons for its change of attitude. The explanation lies, we suspect, largely in Mr. Chamberlain's excessive sensitiveness to French expressions of fear. He regards France as in a condition analogous to that of an hysterical woman, and believes the treatment to lie in "soothing" and "humouring" her. He may be right in his diagnosis; but his treatment may

none the less be easily carried too far. It should also be borne in mind that the body which has to interpret and report upon the data collected by the Military Mission of Control in Germany is the notorious Inter-Allied Military Committee at Versailles, a body identical for all practical purposes with Marshal Foch himself, who completely dominates it, and who is the avowed and persistent advocate of permanent separation of the Left Bank of the Rhine from Germany. The very junior generals who are his colleagues on the Committee should be replaced by officers of a standing more comparable with his own, and possessed of indubitably objective political judgment. The appointment of such an officer as Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson to the position of British representative would be an act of high moral and practical value at the present time.

* * *

The long-delayed meeting of the Allied Finance Ministers is to take place in Paris next week, when some exceedingly troublesome problems will have to be dealt with. First, there is the question of how to treat the proceeds of the Ruhr occupation. The French propose to pay into the Reparations pool the net proceeds after deducting the costs of the occupation. The official British attitude is that we cannot agree to this deduction, because to do so would be to endorse the legality of the Ruhr adventure. This hardly seems a very logical attitude, as the same consideration ought surely to preclude us from sharing at all in the spoils obtained from the Ruhr, and this will doubtless be the French retort. It is a nice problem in the casuistry of "dirty money"—a class of problem for which it is never possible to find a really satisfactory solution. The American claim to share in the proceeds of the Dawes scheme raises an equally ticklish problem. Legally the Americans have not a leg to stand on. Their Reparation claims on Germany arise from the special peace treaty which they made with her—not under the Treaty of Versailles, to which the United States is not a party. But the Dawes scheme is expressly a plan for operating the Treaty of Versailles. At the same time, everyone just now is very

anxious to keep in with America, and it is evident that the Allied Ministers will try to satisfy her, if they can. But it is not easy to permit America to share in the Reparations pool without insisting that her claims should be subject to the process of inspection and revision by the Reparations Commission, which cut down the claims of the various Allies by a large percentage; and it is not easy for America to agree to submit to this process without associating herself more definitely with the Reparations Commission than she cares to do.

* * *

There remain the French claim to a revision of the Spa percentages, and the whole question of inter-Allied debts. It is safe to predict that no change will be made in the former, and no progress made with the latter. The recent excitement over inter-Allied debts in this country was based on the illusion that France seriously contemplated making payments to the United States; and it is now evident that she contemplates nothing of the kind. M. Jusserand appears to have given the Americans the same misleading impression, and its correction has led to a remarkable outburst of anti-French feeling in the United States, which has been greatly stimulated by the publication of an official French memorandum, setting out the financial claims and obligations of France, in which no reference is made to her war debts. In distinguishing between these "political" and ordinary commercial debts, the French have in our judgment equity and good sense on their side; and we entirely agree with the spirit of the letters which we have published on the subject. Britain, indeed, might have done wisely, as well as magnanimously, to have cancelled the debt due to her from France. We have not done so, however; and, so long as we maintain our claim, it is entirely reasonable to insist that if France begins to pay America, she should pay us proportionately. This is all that Mr. Churchill committed himself to; and, now that it is clear that France has no immediate intention of settling with America, there is not much likelihood that the question will be pressed from our side.

* * *

Mr. Baldwin has shown imagination in his New Year's Honours list. After the precedent set by Mr. MacDonald of giving virtually no honours, a reversion to the ordinary type of list would have been deplorable. Mr. Baldwin has replied by setting the perhaps more difficult precedent of a list which, if honours are to be given at all, is just what an Honours list ought to be.

* * *

Nothing ensures greater publicity than an abortive attempt at anonymity, as Mr. Norman and Sir Alan Anderson have discovered. The significance of their incognito visit to Washington is clear. Our financial authorities have decided to revert to the gold standard at an early date, and are seeking to ensure the assistance of the Federal Reserve Board (which it is understood will be readily given) to provide for the contingency of an excessive outflow of gold. With sterling at its present figure, and a boom outlook in the United States, the time is certainly approaching when a reversion to gold will be practicable without necessarily detrimental consequences to trade; but we can see no good reason for rushing the return. If the conditions are really such as make it safe to return to gold, the pound will rise to par soon enough in the ordinary way.

* * *

There is something very disquieting in the reports received of M. Herriot's statement on Franco-British relations to the Senate Foreign Affairs Commission. M. Herriot is said to have declared that "Mr. Chamberlain has expressed gratification at the attitude of our diplo-

macy in Egyptian affairs. In Morocco, Great Britain is pursuing her policy of reciprocal good offices. The French Government has decided to avoid any action which, from near or afar, might bring this matter into the domain of international discussions." This last sentence may, of course, mean simply that France will endeavour to avoid the necessity for any action outside the Protectorate frontier. It is clear, however, that the course of events may, at any moment, render the Moroccan problem of international interest, and the whole tone of the statement confirms our fears of a return to the old, discredited policy of secret bargaining in Moroccan and Egyptian affairs. Meanwhile, the development of the Egyptian situation turns largely on the result of the new elections, which are to be held at the end of February. Should Zivar Pasha fail to obtain a working majority the position will again become very critical.

* * *

All the news from Italy indicates the imminence of a drastic change in the methods or position of Fascismo. Signor Mussolini is about to present to the Chamber a new electoral law. The quasi-constitutional position of the Fascist Party was obtained by the fusion of several political groups into a Fascist *bloc*, coupled with a peculiar system of representation which ensured to the largest *bloc* an overwhelming Parliamentary majority. Recent events have made it impossible for the Fascists to stand at the polls as the chief partner in a political alliance, and even with the advantage of "making" the elections they evidently do not rate high their chance of coming out on top by their own unaided efforts. This, at least, is clearly Signor Mussolini's view, and he proposes accordingly to scrap the electoral law which he devised a year ago and to revert to the British plan of single-membered constituencies, hoping, presumably, to snatch a majority through the splitting of the Opposition vote. Many prominent Fascists, however, believe that the change will damage their chances. Meanwhile the Opposition are intensifying their efforts to prove Signor Mussolini's personal responsibility for crimes of violence, with the object of demonstrating his unfitness to hold the forthcoming elections, and Signor Mussolini has retorted by suppressing the Opposition journals which published the damaging Rossi memorandum.

* * *

The latest *coup d'état* has resulted in the expulsion of the Albanian Premier, Monseigneur Fan Noli, and his replacement by a tribal chieftain, Ahmed bey Zogu. Its significance has fortunately been localized by the decision of the Italian Government to disregard the usual rumours of Serbian complicity, and the incident does not appear to have disturbed the relations between Rome and Belgrade. This is a matter of great importance; for there is little doubt that the Albanians will be divided into two fiercely hostile parties for many years to come, and it would be a grave danger if either of them could count on the support of a neighbouring Power. For Albania itself, the insurrection involves the defeat of what may be regarded as the more progressive party. Ahmed bey Zogu stands for the retention of patriarchal customs, tribal autonomies, and the local loyalty of the tribesmen to their hereditary chiefs. It does not follow that his party will prove themselves incompetent rulers. They were uppermost during the difficult years that followed the Armistice, and showed a singular ability in steering the country safely between the Scylla of Yugo-Slav influences and the Charybdis of Italian domination. Their chief problem will be internal, that of securing themselves in power.

The proposal for an Imperial Conference to discuss the Geneva Protocol seems likely to fall through, owing to the inability of the Dominion Premiers and their chief colleagues to attend in London during March. The proposal and its probable break-down have again emphasized the need for some more permanent machinery for discussion between Great Britain and the Dominions, and a Canadian paper, the Winnipeg "Free Press," puts forward the suggestion that accredited diplomatic representatives should be appointed by each of the Dominions to London, and that the British Government should appoint similar representatives in the Dominion capitals, apart altogether from the Governor-Generals, who would cease to be officials of the British Government, and become simply Viceroys. Meanwhile, the Australian Government has appointed a special representative, Mr. R. G. Casey, to maintain permanent touch with the Cabinet and the Foreign and Colonial Offices. The problem of an Imperial foreign policy is not to be easily solved; but the necessity of reconciling Imperial solidarity with individual membership of the League has rendered it more than ever urgent. The new Australian move should, at any rate, contribute towards a clearer understanding on the part of the British and Dominion Governments of each other's difficulties and desires, and the experiment will be watched with interest. Meanwhile, the problem remains of defining the attitude of the Empire towards the Protocol; and as the prevailing feeling in the Dominions, as here, seems to be hesitant rather than definitely hostile, a speedy decision is hardly to be expected.

* * *

The prolonged effort in advance of the National Congress meeting at Belgaum to reunite the Indian parties was a complete failure, and the results promise nothing but increased confusion and a continuance of factional bitterness. Mrs. Besant, who attended the Congress, gave expression to her disappointment. Mr. Das and the Swarajists made their victory over Mr. Gandhi secure by obtaining a large vote in favour of the recent pact between the rival leaders. The pact puts an end to Non-Co-operation, and gives the backing of the Congress to the Swarajists in the Councils. Despite his promise of a new programme, calling for martyrdom if necessary, Mr. Gandhi merely presented from the chair a set of twelve points, which included salvation by the spinning-wheel, and manual labour as sole qualification for the franchise. He denounced as immoral the Lancashire cotton trade, "raised up and sustained by the ruin of millions of India's peasants," and declared once again that he must "fight to the death the unholy attempt to impose British methods and institutions in India."

* * *

The Mahatma's address, it is clear, has been read on all sides in India as a confession of failure and a political farewell. But, notwithstanding his victory at Belgaum, Mr. Das is no better off. His wrecking tactics have no aim. The Swarajists and their policy must now meet the hostility of the Moslems, who are once again acting as a frightened minority, and whose leaders in Bengal are supporting Lord Lytton in his rigorous policy, which is to be embodied at once in a Bill. The Indian Liberals, on the other hand, in conference at Lucknow, have been renewing their protest against the Bengal Ordinance, reaffirming their faith in constitutional progress, censuring the Swarajists, and stating afresh their demand for full provincial autonomy and the Dominion status for India. It cannot be said that Lord Olivier has done anything to lessen the confusion of the hour

by contributing to the leading Calcutta newspaper a defence of his administration, including his historic reference to the character of C. R. Das.

* * *

On Monday the General Council of the Trades Union Congress rejected a proposal put forward by the National Minority Movement that it should send delegates to a special international conference to promote trade union unity, or, in other words, to promote unity with Moscow. The Minority Movement has naturally been quick to seize the opportunity presented to it by the ingenuous performance of the official trade union delegation to Russia. The general body of trade unionism in this country, however, is most unlikely to respond either to the pressure of the Minority Movement or to its own delegation's eulogies of the Soviet *régime*. Its leaders are well aware that unity is the last thing which is likely to result from an attempt to co-operate with the Third International. The experience both of France and Germany proves that the first effect of that organization's propaganda, if it meets with any measure of success, is to create schisms which gravely weaken Labour both in the political and the industrial fields. We shall expect to see the Trades Union Congress, when it is finally confronted with the delegation's full report, follow as usual the line of least resistance so far as words are concerned, and make no change whatever in its actual policy.

* * *

William Archer's death leaves a blank in the life of the time that no one else can fill. Popular success came to him late in life and in a way that seemed curiously unrelated to the grave tenor of his career, but his influence on public opinion had been one of the most weighty and constant forces in the intellectual life of the country for forty years. It was an influence of rare clarity of thought and probity of character. That it was exercised chiefly through the medium of dramatic criticism always seemed accidental, for he had neither the æsthetic nor the emotional qualities usually associated with the passion for the theatre. He carried with him the atmosphere, not of the "first night," but of the judicial bench, and not a little that of the Shorter Catechist, for though he was the sternest of Rationalists in his attitude to the ultimate problems of life and had entirely departed from the tenets of the Glassite creed in which he was brought up, he remained essentially a moralist, recalling the seventeenth-century Covenanter more than the habitué of the Playhouse. Few men knew him well, for his manner was self-absorbed and austere; but to those who had the privilege of his intimacy he will be an abiding memory, not merely for the endowments of his mind and the wisdom and dispassionateness of his judgment, but also for the graces of a character of rare modesty, dignity, and beauty.

* * *

The London Young Liberal Federation is holding a big rally at the Kingsway Hall on Thursday evening next, January 8th, when the speakers will be Lord Pentland, and the members of the Radical Group in the House of Commons, including Walter Runciman, M.P., Capt. Wedgwood Benn, M.P., Frank Briant, M.P., Percy Harris, M.P., Lieut.-Com. Kenworthy, M.P., A. Mackenzie Livingstone, M.P., R. Hopkin Morris, M.P., and George Thorne, M.P. Major H. E. Crawford, M.P., a member of the Radical Group and Chairman of the London Young Liberal Federation, will preside. Tickets, which are free, are obtainable from Mr. Colin Edgell, Hon. Sec., 41, Parliament Street, S.W.1. Mr. Lloyd George is to address a meeting of the Council of the Federation next Monday.

THE COLOGNE ISSUE.

THERE is nothing at all surprising in the decision taken last week-end by the Conference of Ambassadors. It has been clear for a long time past that Cologne would not be evacuated on January 10th; and it has been clear since Lord Curzon's speech on December 18th that breaches by Germany of her disarmament obligations would be given as the reason for remaining there. Whether our Government has acted wisely in agreeing to take this line of justification depends on the nature of the discoveries made by the Military Mission. It is vital to avoid any fresh instance of straining the Treaty of Versailles against Germany; and it would be utterly deplorable to take our stand on essentially trifling infractions of the Treaty rather than seek—what could easily be obtained—the agreement of Germany to our remaining in Cologne for a few months longer. If, on the other hand, as is widely rumoured, definite infractions of a really serious nature have been discovered, it would be idle to expect France to pass them by, even if there were no French troops in the Ruhr at all; and in this event no complaint could reasonably be made against the attitude of the British Government. In any case, it would be premature to place a very sinister interpretation on recent developments. The situation is highly dangerous; but it is fairly clear that the really vital issue has still to be decided. That issue is whether the occupation of Cologne is to be prolonged on terms so vague or so difficult to comply with that it is likely to drift on indefinitely, or whether a clear prospect is to be held out of its early termination. There is no doubt at all that the British Government is sincerely anxious for the latter course, and it ought to be in a position to make its view prevail. The issue is so important that it is worth while to try to define the points on which in practice it is likely to turn.

No reliable information has yet been made public as to the breaches by Germany of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty; but on general grounds it does not seem at all unlikely that fairly serious breaches have been discovered. The occupation of the Ruhr at the beginning of 1923 created a new situation. It ended the whole policy of "fulfilment," which successive German Governments had hitherto pursued. It ended not only the policy but the spirit of fulfilment in Germany. It supplied the militarist elements with a convincing object-lesson of the consequences of military impotence; and it bred throughout Germany a widespread and almost instinctive desire to build up a system of defence, as elaborate as possible, however futile it must necessarily be. The work of the Military Mission in Berlin, which in the preceding years had gone on smoothly enough, was virtually suspended. Under such conditions, and in such an atmosphere, it would be extraordinary if the disarmament provisions of the Treaty had been scrupulously observed; it is far more probable that the military machine, with or without the connivance of the Government, has succeeded in violating them in material respects.

If this proves to be the case, two comments are pertinent. In the first place, the main responsibility lies with the policy pursued by France—a policy which Great Britain has formally declared to be unauthorized by the Treaty of Versailles. It may be well enough to insist, as a condition of evacuation, that Germany should comply with certain definite requirements, which she can easily carry out, and which are clearly in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty; but it would be monstrous to withhold evacuation, on indefinite terms, as a

kind of penalty for breaches in the past, which represent an entirely natural response to the occupation of the Ruhr. Secondly, whatever the truth may be about German military preparations, they certainly do not amount to anything approaching a real menace to France. Rifles, and even machine-guns, may have been manufactured and hidden away in considerable quantities; gymnastic clubs may well be, as is alleged, a mere screen for military training. Germany, in short, may be better equipped than the Treaty allows for carrying on operations of a guerilla type. But heavy artillery is essential for serious warfare, and the manufacture of artillery cannot be concealed. The wildest Paris journal has never suggested that Germany is equipped with artillery, and no one in his senses supposes that Germany is capable of waging an aggressive war. This consideration points to the same moral as the previous one. It may be reasonable to lay down definite conditions of evacuation, which Germany ought to fulfil, and which we really hope that she will fulfil. But there is no excuse for assuming an attitude calculated to lead to an indefinite perpetuation of the Rhineland occupation.

Everything turns on the kind of infractions on which emphasis is laid in the charge against Germany, and the kind of demands that are made upon her. As regards material, the problem is a fairly simple one. A demand for the destruction of specified armaments is a definite demand, which it is easy to fulfil, and on which there can be little doubt as to whether it has been fulfilled or not. But, despite the fondness of the Paris Press for tales of hidden stores of arms, it seems probable that the gravest allegations to be brought against Germany will relate, not to material, but to organization and *personnel*. That a close touch is maintained between the army authorities and demobilized men; that the administration of pensions is so designed as to render possible the speedy mobilization of the old German army; that, behind the façade of the long-term service system, successive relays of recruits are in fact being rapidly trained; that a systematic *liaison* is established between the army and the gymnastic clubs—such are the allegations upon which stress seems likely to be laid. These are matters which it is far more difficult to handle; and it is here that the British representatives will need to be on their guard. It is vital to limit our demands to matters which it lies within the power of a German Government to carry out, and it is idle to expect the establishment of a really strong Government in Germany in the near future. If we make concessions to the French thesis of "moral disarmament," and refuse in effect to evacuate Cologne until we are satisfied that militarist ideas and intrigues have been rooted out from the German army, we are likely to remain in Cologne for ever. The "moral disarmament" of Germany can be secured in one way only—by a new attitude on the part of France towards her. The speedy evacuation of Cologne would in truth do far more to secure it than any requirements which Marshal Foch and his colleagues on the Military Committee can devise.

The great danger of the situation is that it falls to this Versailles Committee, presided over and dominated by Marshal Foch, to formulate the demands. There is no doubt, as we have said, as to the desires of the British Government. Nor is there any reason to doubt that M. Herriot is sincere in desiring to persist in a policy of appeasement towards Germany. But M. Herriot's position in France is none too strong. If an indefinite prolongation of the occupation of Cologne is to be avoided, the Allies must, as we have said, rest content with demands which a German Government can

carry out; and such demands will certainly fall short of a complete safeguard against the possibility of such abuses as those which we have indicated. Will M. Herriot be able to agree to confine the Allied demands within these limits? Is he strong enough to withstand the powerful influences who are concerned only to find a pretext for remaining on the Rhine for ever?

Two extracts from "My Rhineland Journal," by General Allen, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army of Occupation, are worth quoting in this connection:—

"Major Ord, Military Attaché at The Hague," he records in April, 1922, "with our Chargé d'Affaires, Susdorff, and his wife, arrived to-day en route to Switzerland, apparently on a joy-ride. Colonel Cox also arrived from Berlin. He confirms the contents of his recent letter that the French Section of the Control Commission, headed by General Nollet, recognize that Germany is disarmed, but political conditions demand that publicity be given to the finding of hidden arms, however few they may be or unimportant the find is. . . ."

A month later,

"General Bircham confirms, what many of us know, that Germany is disarmed and is incapable of making war, because she has neither supplies nor guns. He voices Nollet's views also, yet the French Press continues to magnify every small find of arms reported by the Control, and cites them to prove that Germany is not disarmed. He thinks the London police more capable of waging war than the Reichswehr."

These words were written before the Ruhr was occupied, and there may have been a material, though certainly not a fundamental, change in the position as regards German armaments; but they show clearly enough the forces with which M. Herriot has got to reckon.

But the weakness of M. Herriot's position makes it the more incumbent on the British Government to resist any policy pointing towards an indefinite continuance of occupation. We must not agree to imposing vague conditions upon Germany, of such a nature that it cannot be clearly established whether they have been fulfilled or not, trusting that M. Herriot will interpret them in a reasonable way; for, when the time arrives, M. Herriot may not be there to interpret them. We must at all costs avoid supplying a future French Government of a Poincarist complexion with plausible reasons, endorsed in advance by ourselves, for reducing the evacuation clauses of the Treaty to a nullity. We must insist that it shall be made clear that the Allies really mean to evacuate Cologne at an early date, provided only that the Government of Germany displays ordinary common sense and ordinary good faith.

THE CASE OF CYPRUS.

SINCE the end of the War, the leaders of the Greek community in Cyprus (which includes about four-fifths of the population of the island) have been pressing the British Government to permit the union of Cyprus with Greece; and this petition has just been renewed in a memorial addressed by the Cypriot Archbishop Cyril, as President of the (Greek) National Council, to the House of Commons. The growth of a strong Greek national movement in Cyprus is a natural phenomenon after a war in which the principle of nationality has triumphed throughout Eastern Europe and in large parts of the Middle East, and in which Great Britain and her Allies proclaimed that they were fighting, in part, for the rights and liberties of small nations. Of course, the Cypriots (like most nationalists) are impatient, and it was perfectly reasonable that the British

Government should hold its hand until the peace settlement in this part of the world had been completed. Now, however, that the Treaty of Lausanne (in which Turkey recognizes the British annexation of Cyprus) has come into force, as well as the mandates for the adjoining Arab countries formerly belonging to the Ottoman Empire, it is time not only for the British Government, but for Parliament and the nation, to re-examine very carefully the problems raised by the Cypriot Greek Nationalists' demands. It may therefore be useful to set out briefly the main points for and against conceding them.

English people in favour of retaining Cyprus in the British Empire will lay stress on the following arguments:—

(i.) By the terms of the secret Anglo-Turkish Cyprus Convention of 1878, Great Britain was to occupy Cyprus (without prejudice to Turkey's juridical sovereignty) so long as Russia continued to occupy the Transcaucasian districts of Kars, Ardahan, and Batum. Now by the Angora-Moscow Treaty of March, 1921, Soviet Russia has kept the town and port of Batum (the vital spot from the maritime point of view), though she has returned the greater part of the three districts to Turkey.

(ii.) We annexed Cyprus in 1914, after Turkey's intervention in the War, and Turkey has recognized this annexation in the Treaty of Lausanne. Thus our legal title to sovereignty over Cyprus is now perfect.

(iii.) Certain loans of foreign bondholders to Turkey are secured on the Cyprus tribute, and the British Government is responsible for seeing that these charges on the revenues of the island are met.

(iv.) In the secret Anglo-French Agreement of May, 1916 (the so-called "Sykes-Picot" Agreement), we undertook not to alienate Cyprus to any third party without the consent of France, and this pledge was renewed in 1920 at the San Remo Conference.

(v.) Though Cyprus appears to have been of little naval value during the War, it may have great potential value as an air-base.

(vi.) There is a Muslim (partly Greek and partly Turkish-speaking) minority, amounting to one-fifth of the population of the island, which cannot be left to the mercy of the majority.

(vii.) It has still to be proved that the political aspirations of the leaders of the Greek community are shared by the mass of the Greek peasantry.

Set out thus by themselves, these arguments look imposing, but in each case the arguments on the other side seem to be at least as strong, and mostly stronger.

(i.) Another condition of our occupation of Cyprus under the Convention of 1878 was that we should preserve the integrity of Asiatic Turkey (if necessary, by force of arms) against Russia. Since, during the War, we broke up Asiatic Turkey in military alliance with Russia, our title under the Cyprus Convention has surely lapsed, apart from our own assertion of a new title by the act of annexation.

(ii.) The fact that our legal title to Cyprus is now perfect makes us free to allow the union of the island with Greece if we choose—a change which we could not have allowed so long as the juridical sovereignty of Turkey over the island continued.

(iii.) It would be reasonable to require, as one condition of the union of Cyprus with Greece, that the Greek Government should take over our responsibility to the bondholders, and that it should give proper securities for the discharge of it. The annuity involved is not large (about £90,000 a year), but it has been sufficient to prevent the Budget of the island from balancing.

Hitherto the deficit has been made good by the British taxpayer.

(iv) The lien which we have given to France is undoubtedly binding, but (so far as is known) the British Government has never approached France in regard to the conditions under which she would be prepared to surrender it. France, as Mandatory over Syria, is properly concerned in the question of who is to be sovereign over Cyprus; but France could not suffer if a weak Power like Greece were substituted for a strong Power like Great Britain as sovereign over the island, though she might reasonably require an undertaking from Greece not to cede or lease Cyprus to any other party, and not to grant the right of constructing and holding naval, military, or air bases on the island to any Power except Great Britain, who possesses that right at present.

(v) If Cyprus is really of vital importance to the air communications of the British Empire, we might make the perpetual lease of an air base in the island (at some place to be selected by us) one condition of ceding the island to Greece. Since we command the sea, a British air base in Cyprus would continue to be safe from attack. (To make this absolutely secure, we might even impose a maximum limit upon the strength of the military garrison to be maintained in Cyprus by the Greek Government.)

(vi) It is essential that the Muslim minority in Cyprus should be assured of permanent protection in the event of the island passing under Greek sovereignty, but this can be provided for. Greece is one of the countries which have signed treaties for the protection of minorities with the Principal Allied Powers; and, during the last Assembly of the League, the Greek and Bulgarian representatives signed identical agreements with the Council of the League in which they each empowered officers of the League to assist them to safeguard the interests, in their own territory, of minorities belonging to the other nationality. On this analogy, Greece might be asked, as a condition of receiving the sovereignty over Cyprus, to consent to the permanent presence in Cyprus of a Minorities Commissioner (presumably of British nationality) who would be responsible to the League of Nations.

(vii) In every political movement, at any moment, it is difficult to prove that the aspirations of the leaders are shared by the rank and file. Even in the most democratic and politically experienced countries, a few usually lead while the rest follow. If in this case there is any genuine doubt, it could be settled by taking a plebiscite according to whatever procedure has been found to be most effective in the light of post-war experience. *A priori*, all the relevant analogies would suggest that the national movement among the Cypriot Greeks is deep and widespread, not superficial. Among all other Christian Greek-speaking populations at the present time, the national consciousness, and the desire to be included politically in the national state, are strongly pronounced; and the nationality movement is in flood-tide throughout Eastern Europe and the Middle East—not only among the Greeks, but among the Turks, the Syrian and Palestinian Arabs and the Egyptians—that is, among all the peoples with whom the Cypriots are in immediate contact. It would be surprising if the Cypriot peasantry were alone impervious to such a pervasive movement as this.

If these *pros* and *cons* have been stated fairly (and the writer has done his best to present them objectively), the case might be summed up as follows: First, there are no insurmountable obstacles of a diplomatic or juridical kind to the transference of sovereignty over Cyprus from Great Britain to Greece; secondly, there are no impor-

tant responsibilities or interests of the British Empire which would necessarily be sacrificed if this transfer of sovereignty were to take place; and, finally, the transfer is desirable in itself—first, because it is almost certainly desired by a large majority of the population of the island; and secondly, because, in satisfying this desire, Great Britain would be acting in accordance with the most enlightened spirit of the times, with her own professions during the War, and with the honourable precedent set by a former British Government when it ceded the Ionian Islands to Greece in 1864—a precedent which has been fully justified in the sequel.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

THE ART OF BLACKMAIL.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

BLACKMAIL is very much in the popular eye at present. A recent case has caused serious newspapers to write long and ponderous articles about the underworld, and comfortable old gentlemen to shake their heads in the Club about the wickedness of men and women—of women particularly. To many it has come as a surprise that such abandoned people exist, and that large sums of money change hands under threats of exposure; to most the case seems to reveal merely an interesting, deplorable, but very rare crime. No one has yet faced the fact that, with the exception possibly of the U.S.A., where all forms of nefarious money-making have been brought to a fine art, in no country in the world does the blackmailer flourish with greater impunity, with greater success, or in larger numbers than in England. To the cunning and plausible black-guard blackmailing is an ideal occupation—little risk, quick turnover, enormous profits, and no income-tax returns. Yet nowhere has there been any appreciation of its growth and power, and nowhere has there been any suggestion of a remedy. The Law does not want strengthening; if anyone cares to consult the Larceny Act, 1916, Section 29, and the following Sections, he will realize that every form of blackmail or "demanding money with menaces," as the Law calls it, is dealt with and covered, and punishable with exemplary sentences. The police are not to blame, because they are very rarely consulted in such cases. Before suggesting a remedy, let us for a moment see why this sort of crime is so prevalent in this country, and what form it generally takes.

There are two methods most generally adopted by blackmailers: the first by threats to publish some moral obliquity either to relations or employers; the second by threats to inform the authorities of some penal act committed by the victim. The first flourishes extensively, because the Victorian morality still exists which makes people commit sins in secret and abhor them when made public. A man may be notoriously unfaithful to his wife, but unless the wife or his friends are actually informed of the facts nothing happens; if they are informed the man is ruined. I shall never forget a respectable old gentleman coming to consult me about being blackmailed over some letters he had written to a woman years before, and on being advised to tell his wife and beg her forgiveness, the way in which he turned and said, "Good God, but you don't know my wife!" There are other and more subtle ways, as where a woman orders goods in the name of a man, and when he refuses to pay says she will defend an action and bring out their relationship in Court.

Such are perhaps the most common and the best known forms of blackmail, but the other variety of threatening criminal proceedings is very prevalent and far more difficult to deal with. The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885, which made gross indecency between male persons a crime, put perhaps hundreds of pounds into the pockets of lawyers, but undoubtedly put thousands and thousands into the pockets of blackmailers. Perhaps I may be allowed to give two or three illustrations of the way in which this sort of blackmail is levied from cases that actually happened. During the War there was an ex-convict who placed four or five perverted young men on the streets to get hold of officers; he himself had a Ford motor-car, and at night used to motor round to the rooms to which it had been arranged that the victims should be taken; he would then rush in, pretending he was either the landlord or the father; on his approach his confederate would turn out the lights and steal anything he could lay his hands on, while the supposed father or landlord would threaten the victim with exposure, and, in nearly every case, obtained large sums in cash, or, what was even better for his purpose, often cheques, which enabled him to continue his blackmail. Another gang consisted of a young girl (who in fact was a virgin) and her two brothers. She would walk the streets in the West End, and if she saw a young and drunken man, would get him to go home with her; then leave him on some pretext; her young brother would next come in, rob the man, and, if he threatened the police, would dare him to call them, saying he would accuse him of being there with him for an improper purpose. There was a very ingenious trick, perhaps more than blackmail, played many years ago on a well-known pervert. A man who was supposed to be in the confidence of the police came to him and informed him that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, but that for £1,000 his informant could get it held up for a week. The victim paid the money and went to Paris, naturally telling no one the reason for his expatriation. After living there two years he received a further communication from his informant, who told him that for £1,500 he could get the warrant withdrawn; the victim sent the money, returned to this country, to find later that no warrant ever had been issued. I do not deal with the terrible cases familiar to everyone where a nervous victim, for perhaps one act in his past, is made to pay thousands of pounds, his life ruined by fear and misery, and sometimes, in desperation, ended by his own hand.

There is another form of blackmail that is almost openly levied on such people as street bookmakers. A man can go to his club and telephone a bet and be within the Law, but if a working-man makes a bet in a shop or in the street the person taking the bet is liable to heavy punishment. We are told that gambling on horse-racing at race meetings is allowed in England, so as to improve the breed of horses, but it is asking us to swallow too much to believe that working-men buy their thousands of copies of the paper between 11 and 12 and 1 and 5 for the purpose of reading the leading articles, denouncing perhaps the wickedness of allowing drink to be sold at the Coliseum; nor do we believe that those who are so much interested in betting and in the results of races put their money on either at their clubs or over the telephone. The head bookmaker of one of these concerns once told me that if betting was made legal and taxed—even if he had to pay £2,000 a year in taxes—he would still save £3,000, having now to pay in bribes and blackmail some £5,000 a year.

I think I have shown the prevalence of blackmail, and I think the cases have proved what is obvious, that

the strength of the blackmailer is the fear of publicity in the blackmailed; it would require a man of immense moral courage, even if innocent, to prosecute someone for accusing him of some beastly offence.

There is only one way, a simple way, and a direct way, of dealing with this very real menace, and that is to hold trials under these sections of the Larceny Act in camera, publishing only the name of the accused, the crime, the result of the trial, and the sentence. At first, so as not to shock morality, incest cases under the Incest Act were tried in camera, and that was abandoned, not because of any inherent defect of such trials, but because so few people knew that incest was an offence. Everyone knows that blackmail is one.

The objection comes not really from those who are rightfully anxious that trials should be held in public—an excellent rule, and only to be departed from with reluctance if it is shown there is no other alternative in dealing with a great evil—but from those who at the bottom of their hearts think that people who commit such sins as they can be blackmailed for should be punished, whether within or without the Law. It is bad for a country that people should flourish on blackmail, and that the laws should almost become a dead letter; but this is what will happen in this country unless some of our penal laws are repealed, or, simpler still, as I have said before, unless in the case of blackmail, and in this case alone, trials are held in camera.

ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND.

STEVE AND WILL.

ON Sunday night I had by my fireside for half an hour the best-looking, the most intelligent, and, perhaps, the most unselfish of the young men in our hamlet. On Monday morning, after I had countersigned the last of his blue papers, he went up to London to his quarters in Peel House, a recruit for the Metropolitan Police.

Not long ago his elder brother, an equally promising young fellow, did the same thing.

It is not to be expected that you should realize the importance of these local events. What they amount to is this. If an enlightened and energetic farmer bought a farm here and wanted first-class labour he could not get it.

Now that Steve and Will are gone, we have only two men left who are not "past it" or in body or brain below the standard of efficient farm-workers. This is the state of things which what some people are content with as a civilization has brought about in our part and other parts of the countryside.

It is certain that neither Steve nor Will wanted to leave the land. Three-quarters of their talk day by day was about the land, and the last time Steve got a half-day off (by working late several days) it was to go to a stock sale. But what was the land doing for Steve and Will? The land did not seem to feel the same need as the Police for serviceable workers. The Police undertakes to pay Steve and Will £3 10s. a week instead of their 25s., and before they are fifty a pension of three-fourths of what they are then earning, and they both have the makings of sergeants.

It is true that our county is putting up its minimum wage to 30s. But 30s. compared with 70s.—and London!

Although, however, good pay and all it commands in later life have a great deal to do with Steve and Will leaving us, another influence has been at work. There is something which the two young men have tried to describe when they talked of the chance of an interesting

life, of getting on, of doing oneself some good, of rising, of having a decent man's life.

"Coming back at fifty, Steve?" I asked. "Sure, sir," he answered. "By that time," I said, "there will be the certainty of a nice cottage and a bit of land." "That for me, sir," he answered. But I am not so sure. We shall see what sort of a girl gets Steve. Ten to one, London has him for good.

The father of Steve and Will is our best horseman, and is fond of horses. Hear him talk after the fair (six miles off) of the fortunes of a horse he has led there to be sold. But his feet do not serve him as well as they did, and he is scantier of breath. He is often dog-tired when his day closes in. Before daylight he is cracking his whip at the meadow gate to call his horses so that they may get their feed before they go to work. He knocks off after dark, and he has always Sunday work. But it is not so much the hours he complains of, "though they be too long," as "never having no break unless I'm queer like and have to lay up." And: "What's there to look forward to now I'm getting on in years? And dull's no word for the life. Or has been [with a smile] until lately." [Of what we have been trying to do lately, a word or two perhaps some other week.]

When Horseman Oddams thinks not only of the opportunities that his sons, Steve and Will, have of bettering themselves and of laying something by, it is little wonder that there is bitterness in his voice. His pay, after a long, hard apprenticeship and a lifetime's experience, is not, at nearer seventy than sixty, half his lads are beginning on. As he has had a large family he has saved hardly anything. His back is bent, his brow is furrowed, his chest is asthmatic, his feet drag. His cottage roof has been leaking for months. And when he gives up, because he is no longer able to do his work and because his old age pension is due and his wife's not far off, he will have to leave the hamlet, for his master will want his cottage, and there is no other cottage to be had here. Where he will go I cannot conceive, for the surrounding hamlets are equally shelterless. Possibly to London, to be near his sons, and lead the piteous life of the uprooted old countryman in a grimy back street or on the third floor of some model dwellings.

If you had sat beside his master, as I did at a meeting not so long ago, and heard him stamp approval on the floor when a speaker was talking of farmers' concern for their men, of how farmers wished them to remain on the land, and of how they desired to be able to pay a living wage, you would have thought that sound socio-economic notions were spreading marvellously in the Shires. But it was the same farmer who was last year paying 21s. a week to a man with three children. He did it, he explained, in the public interest, or, as he put it, "to stop this 'ere profiteerin'; if the men hasn't the money the tradesmen won't be able to charge as they does." What could be more patriotic?

The wife of this farmer has the 21s. - a week labourer's wife to work for an hour every morning, and gives her sixpence and no breakfast. Is the woman to refuse and perhaps "get my man wrong" with the master and bring on her another move with three children and another coming? The farmer's wife "makes out" with this daybreak help and a washing day—not weekly but monthly, "so that the woman will have enough to fill her day." The washerwoman, for whom no wringer or mangle is provided, has to include some kitchen floor scrubbing and other jobs in her washing day.

Formerly the amiable mistress had the seventeen-year-old daughter of the cowman to work for her. The girl arrived at seven in the morning, being then supposed

to have had her breakfast. But she did get her dinner, which ranged from about three-quarters to about half of what a big growing girl could eat. She went home after washing up the dinner things, came back to lay tea, but not to tea, and returned home to a grossly overcrowded cottage to sleep, although there are several unused bedrooms in the childless farmhouse. When this maid asked her mistress for "a little more a week as I'm now a year older'm," the mistress answered, "But see how much time I give you at home."

The farmer as a good husband (if not a good husbandman) keeps his wife in countenance. He was standing at the farmyard gate chatting with a stranger when the poorly paid cowman passed with a leveret caught in the reaper. "Got a hare there?" said the master. "Yes, sir," said the cowman. "Ah!" said the master, reaching out his hand for it. When the cowman walked on, the farmer said to the man he was talking with, "Funny thing, my cowman doesn't like hares." The cowman did not give up the hare with a grin, however, but with a black look. Is it possible that his wife and children did not share his repugnance to hares?

As the farmer is churchwarden and his wife a school-manager you will understand how perfectly the wheels of progress have been oiled in the hamlet. More than one labourer and his wife are more intelligent than the two farmers and their spouses, and do more for their self-improvement. The thinking people in our hamlet, as in many another, are to be found, not in the farmhouses, but in the cottages. The farmers and their wives are in no doubt, however, that they themselves are in every way superior to the cottagers. If they were told that there is no Scriptural warrant for the established order of landowners, farmers, and "labouring poor," they would say it was anyhow English ways and common sense. They feel no responsibility at all for the narrow, shrunken lives of the people who work for them, for their damp, sagging, overcrowded, frowsty, germ-laden dwellings, and for the poor reward loyal toil brings them at the end of their lives. They do not think about such things. The two farmers have recently joined the trade union of their calling for the advantages it gives them, they take a cheap agricultural paper for the prices, and the churchwarden farmer puts something in the plate at church, for is it not written over the door that it is "the gate of Heaven"? But this is all the interest they show in the world beyond their own homes and relations, unless it was displayed in the putting up of a Conservative poster at the General Election. It is true that the poster was brought to their doors, and was to get them a pound an acre. But the party agent knows better than to ask them to waste petrol and time on taking voters to the poll.

It is not much to the point to say, what is true, that these farmers are not a fair sample of the agricultural world. What is to the point is that these farmers exist; that while they and others like them exist some of our agriculture will go on discrediting us, and some of our forlorn hamlets will be emptied of the able-bodied; that if there is to be a Last Day these farmers and the lay and clerical persons in authority over them will be brought to judgment for Steve and Will leaving us, for the downcast lives of the father and mother of Steve and Will, for the ne'er-do-well-dom of Harry Simpson (cousin of Steve and Will), whom no one looked after when he left school orphaned, and for all the misery of his sister Mary, who, having spirit but no guidance, first adventured with a baby and then went on the streets of our cathedral city.

H. C.

P.S.—Since I wrote I hear that three young labourers in a hamlet near are going together into the Police.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF KRUPPS'.

By VERA BRITTAIN.

KRUPPS' at Essen is an anti-feminist institution: it will not allow women to go over its workshops. The Director with the paralyzed arm who shows you round is a sceptic and a cynic. He does not believe in the League of Nations; he does not believe in the finer possibilities of the human spirit; least of all does he believe in the disinterestedness of young women who roam about Europe in search of political information. On the other hand, he makes you believe all the tales that you have ever heard of evasion of treaties and the secret manufacture of armaments.

At the request of Quaker acquaintances who have helped his workmen through their recent miseries, he is prepared to fulfil the tiresome duty of showing you as much of the works as you are allowed to see, but he has no intention of displaying to an Englishwoman any more than the bare minimum of courtesy. To that stiff, grudging minimum he restricts himself, until you happen to mention, in the course of a somewhat difficult conversation, that during the war you nursed some German prisoners. He expands immediately. His eyes soften, and he recalls the nurses who dressed his wounded arm. The German, like the Briton, is an astounding combination of hard-headedness and emotion.

Since you happen to be merely a woman, your inspection of Krupps' is limited to the watch tower and the sample room. The watch tower stands in the centre of the works above the main administrative offices. As you go up in the lift, the Director, having now a certain hold upon your sympathy, explains to you that such a breach of the Treaty as the secret manufacture of arms is a legend invented to deceive the British, who will always believe anything that they are told in the newspapers. To prove his point, he gives you a bitter description of the frequent visitations of the French military authorities and the Inter-Allied Commission of Control.

From the top of the tower you look down upon an area, five miles long and one mile broad, of smoking factories, strangely dark and sinister beneath a crimson sunset sky. The uniform blocks of dirty buildings are broken only by the main streets of Essen, the coal mine which attracted the early enterprise of Friedrich Krupp in 1860, and a park beneath whose sooty trees the testing of farm implements has replaced the grimmer tests of a few years ago. The park joins a large dining hall, which daily during the war fed 40,000 of the 115,000 hands then employed, and could hold 7,000 at one sitting. Another firm now rents this hall for use as a vegetable store.

Immediately beneath the tower is the garage with the square in front of it where the Essen riots took place. Simply a case of nerves on both sides, said the Quakers; Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, the husband of Friedrich's granddaughter, and the present owner of Krupps', lost his head and ordered the blower reserved for special danger to be sounded without cessation, though the French had only come to commandeer a few lorries.

The sample room affords a more detailed impression of a transformation that has been both long and costly. To reach the sample room you pass through the workshop used during the war for the making of field artillery—a silent, shabby Colossus of a room, significant as an epitome of the fate of imperial Germany. In contrast with those mammoth machines, the samples of post-war production present an innocent and domesticated appearance. The swords have literally been beaten into ploughshares; agricultural implements share the first

place in the exhibit with railway engines, sleepers, and the rimless steel tires which made Krupp's fortune, and were the origin of his three-ring trade-mark. The new Krupps' has turned from the terrors to the amenities of civilization, from tank and machine-gun to cash registers, cinematograph apparatus, household pipes, and electric plate-warmers. Many small implements are made in a stainless steel invented since the war; this is not blunt like the ordinary English variety, but so sharp that it is used for surgical instruments. In the making of plates for false teeth it has largely replaced gold, which few Germans can afford.

So blatant, so undeniable is this transformation from war to peace, that even when it is before your eyes you are not in the least convinced by it. You go away remembering, not the ploughshares, but the waiting stillness of those old artillery machines. True, the workshops, locked so insultingly against feminine curiosity, do not contain much that escapes the eye of the Inter-Allied Commission, and the 25,000 unfinished gun-barrels discovered by the Military Control cannot, whether they were part of an order permitted by the Mission or not, be seriously regarded as an immediate menace to the semblance of order established at Versailles. Their significance lies in the fact that they are both a protest and a symbol; a protest of the angry blood that has not been cooled by recent interpretations of the Treaty, and a symbol of the iron that has been driven out of Krupps' into the soul of the German people.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE BOXER COMMITTEE.

SIR,—I noticed your little note of December 20th on the alterations in the Advisory Committee to be set up for the Boxer Indemnity, but I do not think that your suggestion that "reaction and prejudice have scored a strange victory" is well founded. I am quite sure, in the first place, that China will not object to the change. Mr. Bertrand Russell, despite his great ability, was only the champion of one form of assistance to education, to the exclusion of everything else, and he has not recommended himself to the Chinese by his perfervid backing of Sun Yat Sen as the only real Chinese patriot. I think it is safe to say that there are very few Chinese or British in the Far East who do not regard Sun Yat Sen as a peril to his country's interests, and you have only to study what has been happening in China to see the justice of this view. I am more sorry for the elimination of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, but did Mr. Dickinson possess any real knowledge of modern China? No man is entitled to speak of modern China unless he has been there, and stayed there, and studied there within the last five years.

—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES WATNEY,
London Correspondent,
"North China Herald."

December 24th, 1924.

INTER-ALLY DEBTS.

SIR,—May I say, very briefly, how delighted I was to read Mr. Penrose's letter, and thus to learn that there are still some Liberals who desire to follow a more chivalrous course than is now commonly favoured?

I agree heartily that, apart from all other considerations, the moral case for cancellation seems conclusive.

"Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the highest wisdom; and great Empires and little minds go ill together."

If the descendants of those American colonists, on whose behalf Burke spoke, have forgotten his teaching, surely we at least should remember it. Money is not everything, even in this world. And, save in money, France surely has paid in full.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH A. LAW

December 29th, 1924.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

SIR,—Mr. Mason's generous letter is typical of an admirable and exasperating section of our party. These seem to me to be unable to get away from the 1910-1914 atmosphere. At that time a large and powerful Liberal Party was treating a Radical-Labour Party with considerable chivalry. To-day a weakened and hard-hit Liberal Party is fighting for its life against a Socialism whose chief political objective is our annihilation.

To Mr. Ponsonby and his type is given the task of wooing from our ranks all who can be persuaded that true Liberalism lies with them; to Mr. Kirkwood and his type the task of showing to haters of Liberalism that with them alone is the true antithesis of Liberalism to be found. So we be killed as a party, it matters not whether it be done with kindness or boiling oil. In these circumstances Mr. Mason strikes me as being noble but pathetic when he urges us to work with the Socialists. Let us by all means work for those aims he indicates. Let us not be too concerned as to whether they work with us. There is nothing to stop them working with us on Free Trade except that in many cases their economics are essentially Protectionist. On Housing we did our best with an Act that was incurably bad. Can we co-operate with them on Sound Finance? The Capital Levy could not have been swallowed whole by a party whose economics were rational. The Russian Loan was incredible. Does Mr. Mason really urge that the Socialists would work with us for Economy? I am all for fighting "the ancient enemy of Toryism and Reaction," but I see that foe on both fronts. Someone once said that if the Tories were not so inefficient they would ruin us very quickly.

The Socialists have the Tory philosophy of control very fully developed, and they might be efficient in the handling thereof. I do not see us working with them in its development. Let us fight and work for anything that is Liberal with complete indifference to the question of who—Tory or Socialist—helps us in each item. There is no other road to honour.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD F. WALKER.

December 29th, 1924.

SIR,—Mr. Mason, replying to Mr. Ronald Walker, concludes his letter:—

"If we waste our strength on discussion and recrimination over the past, we are doomed to remain in opposition for a generation, but with union and co-operation between Liberal and Labour we can within five years bring this proud Government to the ground."

Might I ask whether Mr. Mason remembers the attitude of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and most of his party to the Liberals in the House who put them in office? Is it not clear that Mr. MacDonald's hatred of Liberalism was so bitter that he was prepared to go into the wilderness if by so doing he could destroy the Liberal Party? This is clearly evidenced by many purely wrecking candidatures at the last Election; the opposing of Mr. Ashley Mitchell at Scarborough, for example. How anyone, at this time of day, with the experience of Labour in office for nine months, can speak so cheerfully of union and co-operation is beyond me.

But why sing so low?

If we do not co-operate with Labour "we are doomed to remain in opposition for a generation." Liberalism in these terms is not a faith, it is a cynical pawn used to secure office. And at what a cost!

Let us rather preach our own faith, a courageous faith, distinct from Labour and Tory alike—and either the country will give us a mandate or the powers that be will have to recognize our standing and give us opportunities accordingly.

The younger men are not concerned for office alone. They are fighting that a particular Liberal spirit shall not pass from the earth—and compromise of any sort is fatal.—Yours, &c.,

FRED. B. HARGREAVES.

Batley, Yorks.

December 30th, 1924.

"PLACES AND THEIR NAMES."

SIR,—When I wrote to you last week I had not seen the letter from your correspondent "D." on this subject. "D." charges me with inaccuracy for having compared

Shaftesbury with Shaston as old and new. But I fear he missed the point of my article. I was not comparing the two names in respect of age, but of beauty; which is, as every woman knows, a far more important consideration. Shaftesbury is to my ear, I cannot tell why, an altogether charming name, delicate, graceful, and well-balanced; but Shaston, though it may be good enough for a milestone, is, to me at least, a very different matter. Would the great and good Lord Shaftesbury, who began life as Lord Ashley, have ever acquired his unique reputation if he had been condemned to appear in public first, let us say, as Lord Ashton, and then—good Heavens!—as Lord Shaston? But I am grateful to "D." for telling us of Ryme Intrinseca, which, though not particularly beautiful, is certainly very curious. I only wish he had told us a little more about it. How does he account for so remarkable a name? What was its original meaning, and are there any other places with a similar name in his part of the world? The suffix Salome which occurs in two villages in Oxfordshire—Britwell Salome and Berrick Salome—and had always hitherto held a fairly high place in my list of curiosities, is mild and almost commonplace compared to Intrinseca.—Yours, &c.,

P. M.

SIR,—I find it difficult to reply to the disarming pen possessed by P. M. But for the nonce, I hazard Lostwithiel is the most beautiful of English names. Lostwithiel—"a mere Cornish market-town" and no "association of visual beauty" forsooth—once the capital, on the River Fowey, the spire of whose church Street declared to be the glory of Cornwall, looking down on a fourteenth-century bridge which is "the joy of artists," and bathed in the remembrance of Addison, as M.P.

Surely, it is the forest P. M. is thinking of, not Saver-nake. I fain would hope he is not lost in Victor Hugo's sinister woods, but, like the "Scholar Gipsy,"

"Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free onward impulse, brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade."

—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD GILLEARD, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

THE POOR LAW IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

SIR,—Your review of my "Story of the Irish Nation" makes only one ponderable criticism, that which concerns my description of the new Poor Law of the 'thirties in Ireland. "No one, reading it," you say, "would guess that it was precisely the same scheme which was applied at the same time to England, . . . as deeply resented by the English as by the Irish poor." Your point is that in my hands this typical case of honest and non-invidious though stupid legislation becomes "another injustice to Ireland," to use the cant phrase. Allow me to meet this point, in so far as it is a question of fact. My book asserts the honest intentions of the period (pp. 253-4), but it necessarily concerns itself with the peculiar conditions of Ireland at the time, and with the frightful consequences which came from their not being treated as peculiar. The stupidity which you note, very rightly resented by the English poor, was not the same in weight or effect as that which was to crush the Irish. The average weekly wage of the Irish labourers in 1836 was as low as half-a-crown and lower; nearly one-third of the people, or 2,385,000, were in distress; and Poor Law policy proposed to house these 2,385,000 in workhouses! No such conditions prevailed in England. Had they existed, the means also existed for a deeper reform. But because it was Ireland, remote from Parliament, without pressure on public opinion and without self-government, the poor were the victims of a monstrous ineptitude which was to culminate in the famine, in which 729,000 died. It does not convict me of bias or rant to say, "But England had to endure the same scheme." The parity of scheme cannot be considered apart from the disparity of conditions. I agree that the historian who is a realist has to give the stringent facts without rancour, I maintain he has to avoid the false though plausible logic of official excuse and official history. If to do this is to merit the epithets you apply to my book, I

can only express surprise. I should have expected angry epithets like yours in the "Observer" or the "Morning Post." I did not expect to find them in the columns to which I thought it an honour to contribute, in the days of H. W. Massingham.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Nere Etchola, Hendaye-Plage, Bs. Pyrénées.
December 25th, 1924.

COUNTRY READERS.

SIR,—I am in complete sympathy with Country Book-Lover's complaint in THE NATION of December 13th.

The best means of displaying books in the very small country towns would probably be a caravan fitted up as a bookshop. It would be a simple matter to run, if tackled collectively, but impracticable for an individual publisher.

In charge of the right man (in America it was, I believe, run with success by two ladies) the venture might easily be made self-supporting. In any case it would not be a costly experiment, and it could count upon a good deal of support in the form of free publicity. The real difficulty is to get a sufficient number of publishers to co-operate! But the heaven is at work.—Yours, &c.,

STANLEY UNWIN.

December 18th, 1924.

LANDMARKS IN MODERN ART

II.—THE ENGLISH.*

By CLIVE BELL.

IN 1815 France and England had been separated for about a quarter of a century (the thirteen months' truce of Amiens may be ignored), during which, in matters of art at any rate, neither country knew much of what was going on in the other. As a matter of fact, while all had been turned topsy-turvy in France, things had developed normally over here. The romantic movement, which was under way long before the Revolution, had gathered impetus; and Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron, Scott, and Shelley were, despite the hubbub raised by old fools, not only the best English writers, but the most representative. In France, meanwhile, the movement had been arrested; and was now represented only by the pailful of Rousseauism which the less inflexible flung over their travesty of the classical tradition. That travesty—"the Greeks and the Romans" as understood by David and the little Davids of literature—was what suited the revolutionary and imperial bureaucrats by whom it was mercilessly imposed on everyone else. Chateaubriand notwithstanding, France in 1815 was a quarter of a century behind the times.

Nevertheless, though heroic representations of Horatii and Leonidas, or, in literature, rhetorical tirades by Brutus and the Gracchi—the very dregs and scum of the seventeenth-century tradition—appealed to the men of '89, a generation was arising which suffered these things only because it dared not oppose them, nor knew with what to oppose them if it dared. This generation was tolerably sceptical about the great revolution (though fifteen years later it was to use it as a cudgel against the Bourbons), and sick to death of the empire, which, for war, slavery, intellectual and artistic bankruptcy, could offer nothing better than military glory, and could offer that no more. Without taking de Musset's confessions too seriously we may believe that by 1815 (when the poet himself was but five years old) the clever young men had had enough of the only "world of reality" with which they were acquainted, and were inclined to take refuge in that world of fantastic imaginings which had been called into dubious existence by English and German literature. Add that, if republican orators and Napoleon's generals had liked being told that they were the very images of Plutarch's heroes, the Bourbons were not unwilling that the middle ages should be glorified; and you will agree, I think, that France was ripe for romanticism.

France, to be sure, had revelled in Ossian already. He was Napoleon's favourite poet. But Ossian had been admired not so much as the apostle of romanticism as of savagery, and had been taken up by the Primitives, or pre-Phidians, a school with which Ingres had once flirted, in so far as an artist can be said to flirt with people remarkable only for eccentric costume and disorderly conduct. It was after 1815 that romanticism poured in on France from both sides, from England and Germany, the superiority of the English writers natur-

ally making their influence predominant. German philosophy counted for something: but German painting could, at that time, have no influence whatever, because, at that time, a German school of painting did not exist. In 1815 there were but Davidism and "les Anglais."

Histories of French painting between '15 and '30 are full of them, in contemporary letters and journals: the phrase crops up incessantly,—"les Anglais," "l'école anglaise": well, who were they, these English? To begin with, the eighteenth-century tradition was not yet dead, but lived comfortably in the agreeable portraits of Lawrence. To us Sir Thomas seems a rather feeble old gentleman; in 1815, to the rising generation of French painters, his portraits seemed miracles of beauty. Were they not generously coloured in the eighteenth-century manner? Instead of presenting that thin, licked, shiny exterior which makes many pictures by Ingres even repulsive at first sight, and reminds one sometimes of poverty-stricken bread and butter, and sometimes of the tray on which it is served, were they not freely painted with a lavish brush? Also, Lawrence and the school of Reynolds seemed to have no prejudice against character, feeling themselves under no obligation to reduce contemporary men and women to the *beau idéal* of Winckelmann. And, as if to point the moral, here was Danloux, a French émigré, who, having escaped from the Greeks and the Romans to the romantic island, could do as well as any of the descendants of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and better than most. "Ici seulement," wrote Géricault from London in 1820, "on connaît ou l'on goûte la couleur et l'effet."

The influence of the English school of portrait-painting was spread in France by a continual coming and going between London and Paris. It is odd to think of the more enterprising young Frenchmen hurrying across the Channel to get into the movement, just as, during the last seventy years, the alert of all nations have hurried to Paris. Yet so it was. Nevertheless, the most serviceable intermediary between French and English painting was neither Géricault nor Charlet, nor Brunet nor Isabey, nor Delacroix even, but a young Englishman living in Paris, Bonington. Bonington was a rather feeble, flashy, clever painter; but he was an enthusiastic disciple, not of Reynolds and the portraitists, but of Gainsborough's successor in the art of landscape painting. It was Bonington who proclaimed in France the revelation of Constable; it was he, presumably, who induced that master to send three pictures—including "The Haywain"—to the *salon* of 1824.

The *salon* of 1824, the *salon* of 1863, and the *salon d'automne* of 1904, are the three sensational dates in modern painting. The first was the *salon des Anglais*, the second the *salon des Refusés*, and the third the *rétrospective* of Cézanne. The Englishmen who sent pictures to the *salon* of '24 were Lawrence, Constable, Thales Fielding, Copley Fielding, and Bonington. Of these only Constable strikes us now as a painter of first-rate importance; nevertheless, all of them, and Wilkie, Etty, and even Leslie, too, displayed qualities to aston-

* Part I. appeared in THE NATION of November 1st, 1924.

ish and excite young Frenchmen brought up in the narrow discipline of the school. All displayed, to some extent, the qualities which distinguished Constable. And Constable's "Haywain," though by no means his masterpiece—inferior certainly to "The Cornfield" and "The Valley Farm"—was characteristic enough to do what it had to do, *i.e.*, to provoke a revolution. For Constable, though not one of the world's great artists, is one of the founders of modern painting.

Compare a landscape by him with a landscape by Claude or Poussin, or with a Ruysdael even, or a Gainsborough, or, indeed, with a landscape by any master of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and you will perceive that the two pictures are of different worlds; compare it, on the other hand, with a landscape by Rousseau or Corot or Millet or Pissarro or Sisley, and you will perceive that, in spite of great differences, they are of the same; compare it, if you like, with a Royal Academy landscape, and the only essential difference to be noted is that one is a very good picture and the other a very bad. The difference between Constable and his predecessors I would say—if I may be granted a journalist's liberty of the nutshell—was, that they had made observation fit into a picture, whereas he tried to make a picture out of observation. The old masters—even the Dutch—had a preconceived notion of a picture, based on that sixteenth-century practice in which the subject was as a rule "humane." The subject might, however, be landscape or still-life; but whatever it might be, it had to be fitted into the traditional conception. A landscape was composed as religious or mythological pieces or as a portrait would be composed; natural objects were treated as masses—monumental masses more often than not—and direct observations from nature were set down only when the grand scheme of composition seemed to require them.

Against this method, which has given us some of the masterpieces of Western art, I have nothing to say. Only it was not Constable's; and Constable was the man whom the nineteenth century followed. He was an observer; so, as their sketches prove, were many of the old masters. But Constable felt so passionately the significance and beauty of what he observed that he determined to make his observations the essence of his picture, and, with a minimum of sacrifice, out of them to create a work of art. That is where he too often failed; and that is why he is not quite of the greatest. By no means always did he succeed in welding his multitudinous facts into a coherent unity. His compositions have often a confusedness, and sometimes a downright silliness, resulting from a too scrupulous statement, from an unwillingness to tamper with nature or generalize his experience. Trees, houses, tufts of grass too often remain undigested, stick painfully out of the design, or cling to it by a thread. He is clumsy. It remained for an artist of higher genius to construct a faultless harmony out of direct and passionate observation, and so give us the perfect modern landscape. Corot, disciplined and directed by the classic influence of Claude, was to justify the conviction of Constable, thereby, incidentally, making possible Impressionism.

To paint their landscapes the old masters, who attached considerable importance to the elegance and suavity of their brush-work, had used much the same technique as was used in other pictures. To render the intense colour, the variety and shimmer of nature directly observed, an entirely new process was required. This Constable invented. He did not hesitate to use smears, dots, and scrapings of the palette knife to get his effects; also, he juxtaposed streaks of pure colour to obtain vividness. By this you can see how near he came to the impressionist technique; besides showing that school the way to their central theory—*pleinairisme*. Constable himself, so far as I know, never made more than sketches in the open. But his sketches are, perhaps, the most brilliant and characteristic part of his output; while the quality of his studio-pictures, if you look closely into them, will be found often as broken, exciting, and modern as that of a Renoir.

At the salon of 1824 Constable's pictures had such an effect on Delacroix that he is said to have withdrawn

the "Massacre de Scio," and repainted it entirely. There may be exaggeration in the story; its mere existence is significant. What most excited the French painters was the Englishman's love and bold use of colour. Delacroix was thrilled by the juxtaposition of pure tones as a means to vividness. Essentially it was a colourist revolution. The directness of Constable—made possible largely by the English practice of painting in water-colours—and his subversive technique were to bear their best fruit later. As for the preference for mediæval and renaissance rather than classical subjects—a matter of supreme importance to the ruck of the romantic school—Constable cannot be held responsible for that, neither do I know that the fashion came especially from England. On the other hand, it appears to have been the English Cotman who, with his "Engravings of Norman Antiquities," opened French eyes to the picturesque possibilities of France. Nevertheless, the revolution of 1824 was, as I have said, mainly concerned with colour. And here a fact must be stated which, to some extent, qualifies all that has gone before. Géricault set out for London in the beginning of 1820; at the *salon* of 1819 he had exhibited "Le Radeau de la Méduse," which, though no one at the time seems quite to have realized it, is, in effect, a colourist masterpiece. Before he left for England, therefore, Géricault had directly challenged the precepts of the school.

TWO BRANDS OF RELIGION.

I HAVE recently come across a document remarkable for the light it throws upon a certain brand of religion. It is an article in the "Methodist Review" for November, 1923, by W. J. Thompson, apparently an American theological professor, since he gives his address as Drew Theological Seminary. It is called "Jesus in the Light of Parthenogenesis."

To the mere heathen scientist it appears really blasphemous: but perhaps that is because he is heathen. However, let it speak for itself. It is divided into paragraphs with block-letter headings. Near the beginning we read: "JESUS A MAN. . . . Man is known in crystalline fashion only by man; his psychology of other creatures is confessedly nebulous. Jesus' correct assessment of Peter as a rock; of Nathanael as guileless; of Herod Antipas as a fox, is evidence that he, they and we all are of the same kind—men." All very true, but a curious method. But wait a minute. "His respiration was 18, his pulse 72, his temperature 98.6 deg. (two-tenths above normal, be it noted), his blood-pressure normal, with a normal blood-count and a normal percentage of hemoglobin. . . . He was circumcized on the eighth day. Of traces of gynandromorphism and hermaphroditism there were none." . . . We are tempted to ask our professor how he knows.

Soon we get down to hard tacks. The virgin birth is not a myth because the hallmark of the local origin of the narrative "is apparent to the critical eye of Gunkel, Gressman, and Cheyne." How then did it happen? Autogamy is sternly ruled out of court, and we come to Parthenogenesis. "This method has our advocacy." Then there is the "PRENATAL LIFE OF JESUS." . . . "The nervous system of Jesus grew from the ectoderm, the upper zone of the blastula. The alimentary from the lower zone . . . &c. . . . The blastula . . . developed from the ovum of Mary. Thus do we trace Jesus back to the ovum. Therein his kenosis touched its extreme limit."

"THE PERFECTNESS OF MARY'S OVUM. . . . The humanity potential in the 300 or more ova requiring twenty-five years to mature would certainly equal that of the 340,000,000 sperm cells, the possible production of the male for the same period. . . . This is a modest claim of equivalence on the part of feminism. (Perhaps; but what could possibly be meant by it is beyond biology.) . . . As a matter of fact the ovum is a male plus [*sic*]. Woman is man plus"—apparently because of her extra sex-chromosome. Then we are told about the forty-eight chromosomes of the normal fertilized

egg. "But in the sacred instance of Mary there were twenty-four only." However, they doubled all right later. . . .

Mendelism plus Providence insured the perfectness of the Jesus-ovum. "Harking back no farther than the Stone Age, the output in Mary's ancestors would be sixteen trillion germ-cells, and, of course, a yet greater number of determiners, or units of inheritance. The Providence that numbers the hairs of our heads could have guided the combinations of these determiners . . . so that in the fullness of time . . . in Mary an ovum, the *summum bonum*, would have ripened. This optimum ovum . . . would hold all human determiners qualitatively and quantitatively requisite for the perfect life."

However (quite correctly according to Weismann and Mendel), the perfection of the ovum did not involve the perfection of the Virgin, and so we are spared that Romish sin of Mariolatry. "Early in her prenatal life all oogonia (immature ova) segregated themselves from her body cells and thereafter led a charmed life, psychically unaffected by any of her deeds, be they good or be they evil." And thus we are also spared the necessity for believing in the freedom of Mary from original sin, as laid down in Pio Nono's promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Of this dogma we are told: "Biologists of the regnant Weismannic School in their serious moods list it a gratuity, and in their gayer ones greet it with ha, ha." There's one in the eye for the Pope!

But the perfect ovum must be activated; and so we come to PARTHENOGENESIS (a) Natural, (b) Artificial. "Jacques Loeb has raised seventeen adult (or nearly adult) male frogs from eggs developed after Bataillon's puncture method of inducing parthenogenesis." If Loeb can raise nearly adult frogs, cannot God parthenogenetize the Jesus-ovum? This is the actual line of argument employed. "PARTHENOGENETIC AGENTS. Agents which have been used to effect parthenogenesis are salt solutions of acid, fatty acids and fat solvents, alkaloids and cyanides, blood serum and sperm extract, heat and cold, agitation and electric current.

"Is not spirit such?" . . .

We skip a digression on the energy locked in the atom, and come to THE SPIRIT IS GOD. "Chemistry, physics, biology, obliterate the manichæan fantasy that God is removed æons from matter and avow his immanence in the world material, whirling stupendous Betelgeuse through space and delicately and dexterously manipulating the units in the nucleus of the tiniest ameba. . . ." (Paley's "Carpenter theology" come back in pantheistic disguise).

"HE ACTIVATES OVUM OF MARY. . . . This supernatural activation involves no new law. It is a *per saltum* extension of the one which takes place in some of the lower organisms. . . . Acceptance of Christ's birth by parthenogenesis, which is congruous with a known law, can assist the intellect in believing the Gospel narrative, and fill the heart with holy awe in its contemplation. . . . Amen."

These are the views of a Professor in a Theological Seminary with the stamp of orthodoxy on his brow.

Just before being introduced to his contribution to religious thought, I picked up a magazine in which was an article by Havelock Ellis. Havelock Ellis, as we all know, is not merely unorthodox or heretical, but completely pagan. He wrote a book on sex containing so many facts that it had to be officially classified as obscene and kept in a special category of wicked books in the British Museum. His views on life in general are not at all like those of the average man or woman—in modern American parlance, that is to say, he is a Bolshevik. Altogether a dangerous and immoral person, as you readily perceive, cracked up (regrettably enough) of late years by a few scientific cranks and some high-brow littérateurs.

He, too, had something to say about religion in this article: and I am going to quote some of his remarks.

"How is Religion still possible?" This question is posed by so able a thinker as Dr. Merz as the question

of paramount importance, and he can only find a paradoxical answer.

"It is a question which still seems to be taken seriously by many otherwise intelligent persons. . . . They do not ask: How is Walking still possible? They do not ask: How is Hunger still possible? Yet it is really the same kind of question.

"It is always marvellous to find how people worry themselves over unnecessary problems and spin the most fantastic webs of abstruse speculation around even the simplest things. Religion, if it is anything at all, must be a natural organic function, like walking, like eating, better still, one may say, like loving. For the closest analogy, and indeed real relationships of religion, is with the function of reproduction and the emotions of sex. The functions of walking and eating are more or less necessary to life in their rhythmic recurrence, and it is legitimate in their absence to endeavour to stimulate them into action. But the function of religion, like that of love, is not necessary to life, nor may it with any certainty be stimulated into activity.

" . . . Religion, like love, develops and harmonizes our rarest and most extravagant emotions. It exalts us above the commonplace routine of our daily life, and it makes us supreme over the world. But, like love also, it is a little ridiculous to those who are unable to experience it. And since they can survive quite well without experiencing it, let them be thankful, as we also are thankful."

Here, then, we have a second contribution to religious thought, by a pagan and cold-shouldered individualist, without a position in any organized body, to whose very name there attaches a flavour of indecency because he has dared to violate the tabu and deal with sex dispassionately and scientifically.

And yet his contribution is a real contribution to the subject, while the other gentleman's is not. Havelock Ellis helps the humble inquirer to see more of the nature of religion, illuminates its reality by penetrating flashes of his sane and ripened wisdom. The theological professor, on the other hand, juxtaposes things which have no qualities in common, seeks to compare disparates, gaily confuses spiritual and material values; and seems to think that something is gained by so doing. As a matter of fact, he makes no contribution whatever to religious thought—only to a theology whose very problems have become unreal.

The contrast between the two men is a contrast between two schools of thought. The one, however fantastic and exaggerated, represents supernaturalist theism; the other, although he speaks for himself alone, yet speaks the language of modern naturalism.

Supernaturalism starts from an old premiss, the premiss of an omnipotent personal divine being, which was adopted as an explanation of the facts of the universe long before the rise of natural science had begun. This rise of natural science, however, gradually superseded the supernatural theistic view in more and more particulars. At first these could be thought of merely as particulars, merely as little losses of territory from a large kingdom; but with the rise of biology and psychology, to many the kingdom itself seems to have disappeared. In any case, the rise of natural science makes it imperative for us to think of religion in a way essentially like that adopted by Havelock Ellis—as a natural function of the human organism.

If that is so, how can it have anything to do with the type of mind which seems to think that by comparing the hand of God with hypertonetic sea-water or with the pricking of frog's eggs with a glass needle dipped in blood, you are liberating the human spirit? The truth is that by so doing you can only sever bonds which the human spirit has itself knotted upon its own limbs: the original bonds that shackle us all remain still to be cut.

To think of religion from the naturalistic standpoint is to get back to first principles. It is to refuse the idea of religion as a spiritual pill, external and potent product of a divine apothecary, waiting but to be swallowed to produce miraculous effects; and to substitute that of a living function of the personality itself, which,

like all other functions, needs exercising for its full strength to be found, refining and training for its highest quality to be reached. It is to banish intolerance, and to make a living and active tolerance one of the great virtues. It is to pave the way for a single underlying philosophy of life—or religion, call it which you will—for the whole of civilized humanity, in place of the present multiplicity of creeds, which only its familiarity prevents us from seeing as fantastically ludicrous.

Let us by all means apply science to religion: but let us be careful, as we would with the vulgar mustard plaster or poultice, to apply it in the right place.

JULIAN HUXLEY.

MUSIC

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.

THE musician's world of purified sound seems strangely remote from the world of everyday affairs, yet this remoteness is largely illusory. It is bridged by the simplest phrase of song just as surely as by the performance of a great symphony. In each case there is vision and utterance; the symphony is the result of more sustained and disciplined adventures of the creative imagination in its chosen medium; the song, perhaps, is merely the half-conscious lyrical outpouring of a passing mood; they differ in scale, but essentially they have one quality. Each springs from a desire of the spirit to find relief and completeness for some phase of its being through expression in a definite musical image; each is, in a sense, an act of faith, and both are very near the core of reality.

Art is the true "Mirour de l'Omme." The complexities of modern music, its impatient rhythms, flaring sound-sequences, and perilously balanced dissonances, no doubt reflect to some extent the restlessness, the hard brilliance, and the feverish pulse of what the twentieth century has made out of civilization.

And surely the most protean of the arts never before assumed such a bewildering variety of forms. Something approaching a revolution has taken place both in the ideals of composers and in the methods by which they seek to realize them.

Most evident is a strong reaction from the emotional excesses of Strauss, Scriabine, and their imitators, the deliquescent last phase of a great Romantic cycle which swept in its strength from Beethoven to Wagner. At the same time, a kind of renaissance spirit is abroad, saving its soul alive at great hazard ("Damn braces!" said William Blake) in the atmosphere of criticism and scepticism which inevitably succeeds a period of emotional expansion. And yet it must be confessed that the dawn of the new music strikes chill enough, for all its play of panchromatic harmony. The Romantic values are to be reassessed; the forms of last century's fashion—those characteristic "œuvres à longue haleine" of the eighteen-hundreds—are, for the most part, to be eschewed as no longer proper to the temper or the technique of these years; and musicians turn naturally to the older classics, to Palestrina, Vittoria, Byrd, Bach, Mozart, and others, for guidance and refreshment.

The new movement thus takes on a neo-classical air which is often highly deceptive. For before all things this is an age of experiment, of preoccupation with technical resources; and synthetic products of the laboratory are as common in music as they are in commerce.

In the diversity of its aims the music of to-day reminds one irresistibly of that old musical joke the Quodlibet, in which a number of performers played and sang simultaneously whatever melodies came into their several heads. Only it is an extravagant modernized version; a harlequinade with a Bakst setting.

Stravinsky (centre of stage) grinds out tunes from a disenchanted Barbary-organ with puppets atop and a big drum handy; Schönberg is a bespectacled Pierrot (Lunaire); Satie, as Pantaloon, a string of sausages round his neck and a volume of Plato in his hand, revolves slowly on the sails of a fantastic windmill; Bartók, in Pied Piper's guise, and Debussy, with sevenfold reed of Pan, hold a little aloof from the mêlée; while Van Dieren, affecting the ancients, wrestles with a prodigious counterpoint to the whole affair. Delius, having no stomach for such masquerades, stays at Grez-sur-Loing writing music which has in it something of the serenity and high quietness of the nobler things of art.

No doubt for the majority of amateurs the most interesting path of approach to this perplexing many-fathered music is by way of the personalities concerned, and their actual achievements. This is the method followed in some recent studies of contemporary composers* by Mr. Cecil Gray, who is, incidentally, a hammer-and-tongs critic blessed with freshness of vision and unashamed of prejudice; one who—happily for himself—makes no claim to a divinely adjusted critical balance, and who does make good reading.

When one lays down a book of this kind one is tempted to speculate how a far-in-the-future historian of concise habit will regard the youthful but canny urgency of early twentieth-century music. He will be bound to remark such broad features as the increased interest in folk-music; the disinterment of the madrigalists; the ascendancy of rhythmic over melodic interests, particularly in music inspired by the ballet, and conversely a reappraisal of the possibilities of non-metrical rhythms; above all, the delight in unaccustomed harmonies, and in an ill-regulated and all-embracing polyphony.

Belief in a golden age dies hard, and the impulse to look to the primitive for a type of perfection is natural enough in those who are wearied by the obsessions of an over-sophisticated art. Stravinsky represents one type of the would-be primitive in music. "Le Sacre du Printemps" is, in a sense, the music of pre-history, but only in so far as it is the work of a musical anthropologist who is heir to the accumulated experience of centuries. Unfortunately it carries to their logical conclusion methods which, not carried beyond their artistic conclusion, had produced the so much more perfect "Petrouchka." Dynamic excitement, barbaric colours, violent rhythms—these are the main elements wherewith, it must be admitted, he has performed some pretty wizardry. Debussy betrays a primitive strain in a very different way by his employment of pentatonic and other archaic modes which are rooted in the misty depths of musical consciousness. For him "l'âme d'autrui est une forêt obscure, où il faut marcher avec précaution," and he chose to withdraw himself into a world of his own imaginings, a world of cool half-tones (or should one rather say whole tones?) and fugitive shadows where "Pan, au fond des blés lunaires, s'accouda." And the intensely direct and personal style of Bartók, with its shy beauty and determined rejection of the surface amenities of music, has more of the truly primitive in it than the work of either Stravinsky or Debussy.

That paradoxical school of musical philosophy represented by Schönberg and Van Dieren, revolutionary Scholastics both of them and master-contrapuntists of their kind, has little in common with the "Primitives" save its adoption of equally modish harmonic garments to cover its mediæval bones.

Without forgetting that we are indebted to Maurice Ravel for some choice music, it is clear that, from the point of view of their contemporaries, the Big Three of the new music are Stravinsky, Bartók, and Schönberg. Delius occupies a place apart in our affections, even as he stands apart from the schools and fashions of to-day.

Such a time must needs have its musical satirists, but music does not serve too willingly "the daughter of great Themis and goat-footed Pan."

H. SYDNEY M. LEWIS.

* "A Survey of Contemporary Music." By Cecil Gray. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

GREEK IN ENGLISH.

HERE are four translations from the Greek published in the last week or so: "Aristophanes, with the English Translation of Benjamin Bickley Rogers," Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann, three vols., 10s. each); "The Pastoral Loves of Daphnis and Chloe," done into English by George Moore (Heinemann, limited edition, two guineas); "The Symposium or Supper of Plato," translated by Francis Birrell and Shane Leslie (Nonesuch Press, limited edition, 6s.); and "The Antigone of Sophocles," translated by R. C. Trevelyan (University Press of Liverpool and Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.). It is very interesting to compare the methods adopted by these four, or rather five, translators, but, after studying them and finding them all entirely different, I confess to a certain confusion of mind both as to the real object of translations and the right method for a translator. I will take each book seriatim.

* * *

To those who have no Greek, or only a little Greek, or rusty Greek, the Loeb Classical Library is simply a godsend. Certainly it has given to me this week through the three volumes of Aristophanes some of the pleasantest of hours. I took the books in hand meaning to consider them from the point of view of the translation. But I fell a complete victim to Aristophanes. By chance I opened the second volume at "The Peace." Though my Greek is very rusty, before I knew what I had been doing, I had read the play through, paying no attention to the translation except to help me out with words whose meaning I had forgotten. Truly the Athenians were the most amazing of all people, and Aristophanes one of the greatest of the world's writers. "The Peace" hardly ranks among his best plays, but there are few modern comedies which can bear comparison with it, and none written in the last two hundred years which can be mentioned in the same breath with it. It is a topical play written in the middle of a "Great War," and violently on the side of peace. It is so alive and fresh, it goes down so deep under the perpetual sparkle of its wit and humour, that it might have been written for our "Great War," only—only imagine any modern people, indeed any people except the Athenians, allowing a writer to tell the truth about war, the Government, the war-mongers, and the war-profiteers, as Aristophanes does, in war-time! And then Aristophanes was not only a great comic writer, but a great poet, so that one passes straight from a superb scene with the dung-beetle or the armament makers to exquisite lyrics.

* * *

But it is time to pass to the translator. Rogers's translation is famous. Its merits are great; although it is in verse, it keeps extraordinarily near to the Greek, and yet it is thoroughly alive and goes with a rush and a swing. It is impossible, however, not to have some doubts about its object and methods. I can say from experience that it will continually help anyone whose Greek is rusty out of a temporary difficulty. But that clearly is not its object, for nobody wants a crib to be in verse. It must be intended for the man who has no Greek, and here is the difficulty. After reading "The Peace" in Greek, I began to read the translation. Its merits remained, but it simply was not Aristophanes, and I cannot conceive how anyone who has no Greek can get the glimmer of an idea of what Aristophanes is really like from this translation.

I admit that this view may be entirely wrong, and that just to have read the original may make one a bad judge of a translation. But let us pass to Mr. Moore. There is an introduction to his book, written in dialogue form, in which he discusses the methods and objects of a translation. He has a definite theory that the translator should take the original and make it into another masterpiece in his own language, and that therefore he has the right to take very considerable liberties with the original. I do not deny this right, but I do not think that Mr. Moore's use of it has been very successful. He is the only one of the translators under consideration who is not working on a "masterpiece." Mr. Moore, of course, would deny this. It is a question of taste. "Daphnis and Chloe" is a very pretty story, no doubt, but it is too "sweetly pretty." To put it up beside the "Symposium" and the "Antigone" and the "Peace" is like putting the masterly statue of the Prince of Wales in butter, which we all enjoyed at Wembley, up beside the Elgin marbles. Mr. Moore has reproduced successfully in an English form the sugary, buttery texture of the Greek, and if you like Longus, you will like Mr. Moore's re-creation of him. Personally, I dislike Longus.

* * *

When one comes to the "Symposium" and the "Antigone," it is clear that the translators aimed at keeping as near to the originals as possible, and yet to produce a translation which could be read as a translation and as a work of art by those who do not know any Greek. Simply as a work of art, the "Symposium" is perhaps the greatest of Plato's dialogues, the most brilliant Greek prose work that has come down to us, while the "Antigone" is certainly one of the greatest of Greek tragedies. The translators have undertaken no easy task, then. In both cases some measure of success has been attained. No one could read Mr. Birrell's and Mr. Leslie's translation without getting a pretty good idea of what the "Symposium" is like in the original. There are only two criticisms to be made. First, a good deal of the extraordinary brilliance of the Greek—is it wonderful?—seems to have evaporated during its passage into English. Secondly, the translators have not altogether avoided one of the most dangerous pitfalls in translation; their style wobbles from colloquial English into translator's English and back again. For instance, if Alcibiades says: "I will get my own back for this in time" (a phrase which any Englishman might use to-day), he ought not to say: "My good friends, you seem to me sober, which cannot be permitted" (a remark which no Englishman could possibly make).

* * *

Mr. Trevelyan has attempted the hardest task of all, for there is no Greek writer as difficult to translate as Sophocles. His manipulation of language is so subtle that, even though you may feel in your bones the exact shade of meaning which he is conveying, it seems absolutely to disappear if you try to put it into English. Mr. Trevelyan aims at reproducing "not only the meaning, but the form, phrasing, and movement of the original." He does this with extraordinary skill, particularly in his close imitation of the metrical pattern and phrasing of the choruses. Mr. Trevelyan says that he himself cannot know how far he has "succeeded in translating these elaborate forms into verse which can be read without difficulty by those who have no knowledge of the original." It is, of course, equally impossible for anyone who has knowledge of the original.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

HOMER AGAIN.

Homer: the Origins and the Transmission. By THOMAS W. ALLEN. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 18s.)

MR. T. W. ALLEN, long ago the joint-editor with Mr. E. E. Sikes of the "Homeric Hymns," and a scholar of extraordinary erudition, has produced what we may call a new theory of Homer. It will be sufficiently surprising to middle-aged people. We all know how, as a Frenchman once put it, the famous (or infamous) German Wolf had a 1793 of his own on Homer—guillotined him, in fact, several times over. We recall how philologists got to work and explained to us the bearing of the digamma on the unity or multiplicity of the supposed poet. The archaeologists had a hearing too, iron in hand; and Matthew Arnold had something to say. So much we remember from our youth. Since then perhaps literary sense has grown, and opinion among the learned is more respectful to Matthew Arnold and his four Homeric notes of rapidity, simplicity in thought, simplicity in expression, and the grand style. Perhaps, too, more is known, or guessed to be knowable, about Eddas and Sagas, about such works as the Nibelungenlied and Roland. In any case, there is a movement quite observable—we might almost say, a swing of the pendulum—toward the older belief in a single Homer, who has (it might be conceded) suffered from interpolation. Certainly Professor Bury, in the recent volume of the "Cambridge Ancient History," invited us to think very much on these lines, and even hinted that we might have to reckon with a historical Agamemnon and other heroes, rescued from the limbo of King Arthurs and King Coles and restored to the ranks of the Douglas and the Bruce.

Mr. Allen unfolds a further tale. He assembles all that was said or guessed by the ancients—dismisses the Germans (several times) on account of their erroneous psychology (so bad in the war, how could it be right for things 1000 B.C.?) and generally as "an ungifted, uncreative race"—and then sets about a reconstruction of what did happen.

The Middle Ages knew a certain Latin work by one Dictys of Crete, a companion at Troy of Idomeneus. Dictys, like a good many ancient worthies—Enoch, Esdras, and Numa Pompilius, for example—did more for posterity than for his contemporaries. He kept a diary of the Trojan War, and, unlike Colonel Repington, did not publish it, but ordered it to be buried with him. It was a very historical diary, and anticipated Lucan in the view that the gods could be cut out of the story; to compensate, he gave women a larger place. He wrote in Phœnician characters, too. But his work escaped his Cretan tomb, thanks to an earthquake in Nero's day; it was translated into Greek, and thence into Latin. From Dictys and from Dares, a Phrygian, the Middle Ages drew their tale of Troy, and concluded that Homer was not very reliable. Chaucer refers to this clash of authorities—

"But yet I gan full well espy
Betwix hem was a little envy.
One said that Homer madð lies,
Feigning in his poetries,
And was to the Greekes favorable;
Therefore held he it but fable."

Dares was the original of the tale of Troilus and Cressida, and was known to Chaucer; Dictys Chaucer knew, but he says less about him.

Mr. Allen restores the balance and says a lot about Dictys. The serious fact is that a Greek original of Dictys was found in 1907—a fragment, at least, of papyrus of about the third century A.D. On this, Mr. Allen builds a vast hypothesis. He gathers together all sorts of early references to variants on the Homeric legend, ventures on some conjectures as to how far later people would have felt free to remodel Homer's story, and asks us to believe that Dictys represents an older tradition than Homer. This the poet dramatized, with the same freedom that Shakespeare used in handling his authorities, and thus is as little accurate as the Middle Ages thought. Dictys often gives us an account which, Mr. Allen says (and he dislikes subjective criticism), seems, "modernisms apart, not unlike the truth," and "seems original," while Homer invents, though perhaps he did draw on a register kept by the Pelopidae for parts of his

"Catalogue." The poems were preserved by the poet's sons or his clan, very lawfully begotten of a stock sprung (as a mixed or undifferentiated dialect shows) from Chios. After all this, Mr. Allen has to get Pisistratus out of the way; and, despite his dislike of subjective criticism, he does so with arguments as to what the tyrant and his fellow-citizens would have done with Homer, as shown from what the tragic poets did. But, if the ancients go for anything, there is much more evidence for Pisistratus than for Dictys, who obviously at the best was an absurd person in Nero's reign.

The reader may be allowed a little scepticism, perhaps, if it is not too subjective; and, while listening respectfully to Wolf, of the uncreative race, and to Mr. Allen, to whose "mental machinery" Dictys owes so much, he may turn to Homer not less eagerly for having tarried so long with ancient scholiasts.

T. R. G.

A GREAT JOURNALIST.

Through Thirty Years. By HENRY WICKHAM STEED. Two vols. (Heinemann. 32s.)

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the interest, the importance, and the power of this remarkable work. Mr. Steed has for a generation been so closely associated with the makers of history that his narrative will take rank among original authorities; and on various dramatic occasions he has himself made history. He is, moreover, a master of pure and vigorous English, and the reader must be hard to please if he finds these volumes too long. They are indeed so crowded with valuable material and enriched by so many pen-portraits of celebrities in different lands that they would properly require a series of articles to do them justice.

The story opens in the early 'nineties, when Mr. Steed was learning French and German, laying the foundation of his knowledge of European politics, and essaying his first journalistic flights. He was fortunate enough to hear Bismarck at Jena, and he pays a well-deserved tribute to Professor Paulsen of Berlin. His ensuing sojourn at Paris taught him to regard his German mentors with a critical eye, and inspired him with an abiding love of France. Returning to Berlin in the service of the "Times," he became aware of a disagreeable atmospheric change. The Bismarckian era had passed away, and Weltpolitik, with its challenging crudities, was the order of the day. While the author had carried away from his first residence pleasant recollections, his second visit filled him with distrust of a Power which henceforth appears in his pages as the villain of the piece.

Having learned his trade in Berlin, Mr. Steed was appointed "Times" Correspondent in Rome in 1896, in succession to the versatile Stillman. The Italian chapters are among the most interesting in the book, not only for their picture of the closing years of King Humbert and the opening years of his son, but for the light they throw on the policy of the Vatican. Of the ways of the latter he speaks with unconcealed dislike, and the picture of the Marquis di Rudini is surprisingly unfavourable. The statesman whom he most admired and from whom he learned most was the veteran Visconti Venosta, who, with Count Nigra, carried on the tradition of their master Cavour into a later and smaller age. Perhaps the most interesting of his Italian memories is that of the accession of Victor Emmanuel, whose inspired self-confidence communicated itself to a country stunned by the murder of its ruler, torn by civil strife, and humiliated by the bursting of the Abyssinian bubble. The discussion of the relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal leads to the ingenious conclusion that the former in its heart of hearts is well satisfied with the *status quo*, and that an official reconciliation would endanger the oecumenical character of the Papacy by emphasizing its Italian affiliations.

After six busy years at Rome Mr. Steed was transferred to Vienna, where he was to spend the next decade of his career. His observations and impressions have been recorded in his classical treatise on the Hapsburg Monarchy; but his autobiography adds a multitude of details, and we watch the drama in its chronological development. In a revealing passage he describes his attempts to understand the character of Francis Joseph, his fruitless inquiries from men who had worked under him, and his ultimate discovery that the Emperor was not a man but a machine. We derive the impression that the author never felt quite at home in

Vienna; and although he has kind words for certain individuals who crossed his path, his verdict both on Austria as a State and on Austrian policy both at home and abroad is extremely severe. He gradually came to realize that the trunk was dying, but that the branches were full of sap. From Supilo, Masaryk, and other leaders he learned the aspirations of the racial minorities for autonomy or separation, and the revelations of the Agram and the Friedjung trials aroused his anger at the blundering tyranny of Vienna and Budapest. To understand Hungary he learned the Magyar language, and, like Dr. Seton-Watson, he finds the greatest enemies of constitutional reform in the unbending Tisza and the Magyar magnates.

In the realm of high politics the main event of Mr. Steed's residence in Vienna was Aehrenthal's attempt to restore Austria-Hungary to her old position among the Powers, and to convince both friends and foes that she was very much alive. The chief demonstration was to be effected by the annexation of Bosnia, for which the consent of Izvolsky had been secured. The picture of Aehrenthal in these pages differs widely from that painted in the second volume of Friedjung's "Age of Imperialism," or Molden's monograph on his diplomacy. To Mr. Steed he is a law-breaker, a liar, and a bungler; and he crowns his indictment by suggesting that, despite his haughty affectation of independence, he was in reality a tool of Germany, who used him in her selfish and criminal game.

Every historian is aware that the makers of history habitually stand too close to the events in which they have played a part to see them in their true perspective; and Mr. Steed is no exception to the rule. We are unfeignedly grateful to him for his testimony, as we are grateful to Mr. Asquith, M. Poincaré, Bethmann-Hollweg, and a legion of other witnesses for theirs. But for an impartial judgment on the causes of the war of 1914 we must look not to the actors on the stage, with the dust of combat still upon them, but to trained observers who have mastered the whole mass of evidence and approach the problem in the same dispassionate spirit in which they analyze the causes of the wars of 1854 or 1792. Mr. Steed's picture of a Germany conspiring against peaceful neighbours, using Austria as her pawn, and deliberately launching the war to secure the mastery of the world, belongs to a psychological era which is rapidly passing away. The final judgment of history on the Kaiser and his Chancellor will probably be not that they plotted the war, but that they madly blundered into it; and we shall never understand the mighty drama in all its length and breadth unless we take into account the ambitions of Russia and Serbia no less than those of the Central Powers. Mr. Steed may not be too severe on Aehrenthal, but he is certainly too indulgent to Izvolsky. Statesmen of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente should be weighed in the same scales and observed through the same spectacles.

Convinced as he had long been that a conflict was rendered virtually inevitable by the provocative policy of Berlin, Mr. Steed, who had been called home from Vienna to guide the foreign policy of the "Times," played a leading part in mobilizing opinion during the Twelve Days. Nothing is more interesting in these volumes than the record of the manner in which the "Times" obtains its information and forms its judgment on great issues. The personality of Lord Northcliffe bulks largely and not unsympathetically in these pages; but during the last decade of his life his mentor in high politics was Mr. Steed, the most brilliant and forceful editor since Delane. It was to him more than to anyone except Dr. Seton-Watson that the British public was indebted for understanding the importance of the dissolution of the Hapsburg Empire as a factor in the defeat of Germany; and the most valuable portions of the second volume are those which tell of his efforts to secure a hearing for the Czechoslovaks and Jugoslavs in the councils of the Allies. It was an uphill fight, for Orlando was slippery and Sonnino obstinate as a mule. The struggle between Italy and the Jugoslavs continues through the Peace Conference, in which Mr. Steed played his usual active part. The story of thirty years ends in 1922 with the death of Lord Northcliffe and the return of Mr. Geoffrey Dawson to the editorial chair in Printing House Square. So long as journalists can wield the power which our author won for himself the profession will continue to attract men of the highest ability.

G. P. GOOCH.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BROADS.

Broadland Birds. By E. L. TURNER. ("Country Life." 15s.)

MISS TURNER's book on the birds of the Broadlands has been long expected and long deferred, but at last we have it, the result of over twenty years' patient observation of the wild life of the Fens, set forth with a distinction of style, a charm and fascination, which are all her own, and which lift what might have been a mere bald record into the realms of literature. Not even Richard Jefferies or W. H. Hudson ever penetrated with a surer touch to the spirit of the subject than does Miss Turner in her accounts of the Broadland birds. Take, for instance, her meeting upon the seashore with a short-eared owl which had floated out to sea, "and hung poised over a huge wave. It was a wild but sunny day, with an off-shore wind which tossed back flowing masses of spray from the curling waves. There were battalions of 'white horses' all along the shore, and the owl hovered in the spindrift. The sunlight lit up its tawny plumage from brown to gold, and made rainbow haloes all around. It hung there for several minutes right in the spindrift." Does not that make one feel the salt spray upon one's cheek?

But, though owls and hawks figure in the book, it is with the real Broadland birds that Miss Turner chiefly deals, with the bittern, the bearded tit, the redshank, the water-rail, &c. Through the long years with loving patience she has recorded their doings with notebook and camera, obtaining pictures of them in summer and winter, as well as upon the nest. From her houseboat on Hickling Broad she has watched them under all conditions, during the stormy days of winter and the calm heat of July. She knows the creatures of the Broadlands by night and by day, waking and sleeping. She tells how the Broadlands come to life in the early morning.

"... there is a faint stirring, and the teeming life around me, which has been wrapped in the mystery of sleep, stirs ever so faintly. The young grebes in the reeds a few yards away rouse up and pipe their silvery treble notes; the roll-call of the moorhens echoes round the Broad, as if they have changed guard in the early morning. Coots chatter and subside; they have not yet begun to pack, and rush tumultuously over the water as is their habit later on. Soon all is quiet again, except for the generous outpourings of the reed warblers; the other birds settle down for another short period of sleep, and so do I. Then comes dawn, and the great awakening, and the high adventure of a new day."

Take, again, her description of the wild swans coming in in the early winter:

"Their cries are heard long before the birds appear in sight. It is as if all the Hounds of Heaven were in full cry, hunting down the wind. On they come, in wedge formation; the pure white of their bodies is almost as dazzling as the snowfields they have left."

Still more vivid are some of Miss Turner's intimate accounts of individual birds; how, while she was watching by a reeve's nest from beneath the shelter of a heap of rubbish, a snipe alighted on the pile, really settling upon her shoulder, and, probing among the reeds, prodded her cheek and even passed its slender bill into her ear. She tells, too, of the courtship of the redshank, of the male's long-drawn rippling cry, which

"cannot be reproduced in words, for no syllables can express its beauty, and no musical instrument can reproduce its inflections." She adds, "The uplifted quivering wings, gleaming white in the sunlight, and the rapid movements of the brilliant red legs, together with the soft mellow love-song, make the redshank's wooing unsurpassed for beauty and grace."

Though such descriptions fascinate and enthrall us, it must not be overlooked that this book is valuable apart from its literary style; for as a scientific record of bird behaviour it is an achievement of no mean importance. The photographs are, of course, wonderful, but their merits will be more apparent to the bird photographer than to a public that knows little of the difficulties of the sport; still everyone can appreciate pictures such as that of a water-rail removing her chicks from the nest, even if only those who have used a camera on such a subject will understand what a combination of skill, patience, and luck must have been needed to secure them. Altogether this is a fine book in every sense of the word, from which the reader will derive a very real impression of what bird-watching means whether on Hickling Broad or Scolt Head.

FRANCES PITT.

THE SNOBBERY OF THE MEDIOCRE.

Many Furrows. By ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH. (Dent. 6s.)
White Horse and Red Lion. By J. AGATE. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
Fancy Now. By E. V. KNOX. (Methuen. 6s.)

THESE three volumes, by their authors' confessions, consist, for the most part, of articles reprinted from popular newspapers and periodicals: all three bear the mark of the "journalist" on every page. Their writers have always been constrained to choose subjects of ephemeral interest, or rather for what subject is of more than ephemeral interest until a great artist has made it immortal?—none of the three succeeds in showing us glimpses of eternity through the topic of an hour. The anger of Achilles was of no more importance than the anger of Mr. Winston Churchill till Homer, or that other man of the same name, made it matter to everybody. The themes of the essays in these three volumes include cricket, shop-windows, Dean Inge, motor-cars, horse-racing, boxing, golf, Tutankh-Amen, bridge, and scores of other things which matter only to nobodies. And why not? Homer, who made a domestic washing-day a theme for delightful poetry, would no doubt transform these commonplaces, even a game of golf or bridge, into something glorious were he alive to-day. And why not others beside Homer? Why not? Except that Messrs. "Alpha of the Plough," J. Agate, and E. V. Knox are not the men for the job.

Stay. I do an injustice to "Alpha." He, perhaps, could have done the job. He often comes near to being the exception which proves my ruling. There is at least one essay which is undoubtedly worth preservation; it is indeed a jewel. Its title is "On Living for Ever." I suspect that "Alpha" is of the Devil's party without knowing it, as Blake wrote of Milton. Nay, I even suspect that "Alpha" himself may be aware to which party he belongs: he may be a traitor to the forces of Mediocrity, a spy amongst them, a secret scorner of Popularity.

For it is at popularity that these writers aim. The terms upon which it may be obtained by any one of them were indicated by Lamb:—

"He must not think or feel too deeply. If he has had the fortune to be bred in the midst of the most magnificent objects of creation, he must not have given away his heart to them; or if he have, he must conceal his love, or not carry his expressions of it beyond that point of rapture, which the occasional tourist thinks it not overstepping decorum to betray. . . ."

He must, if we may venture to add to Lamb, envisage his reader as an "average man." He must be careful how he evinces the possession of any knowledge which the "average man" would not be likely to have picked up. He must let fall no word which would disturb the smug, conventional assumptions upon which the "average man" bases his religion, his politics, and his social life. He must take it for granted that the things of the body are more important and more interesting than the things of the spirit. It would be bad manners, of course, for the writer of a column or the author of a book to suggest he had anything to teach the "average man," or was likely to elevate or refine the feelings of the "average man" in any way. To assume such superiority is simply not done. Shakespeare never assumed superiority, nor ever appeared to condescend. Yet how much he has enlarged our minds! How much he has ennobled our emotions! But it is certainly safer to have nothing to teach and not to try to make anyone better. A laugh now and then at any crank who does not conform to the "average" standard is permissible.

The popular writer must *know* nothing, not in Socratic irony, but in pitiable humility. He may indeed state his personal opinion or his personal predilection, but only on the tacit understanding that his opinion or his predilection is of no more value than any other man's. He must constantly proclaim himself to be mediocre. "You are mediocre," he must insinuate to his reader. "You are not a highbrow. You are not a genius. You don't want to be a genius. Geniuses are unintelligible, boring nuisances. I am not a genius. I am mediocre. We are all mediocre. Long life to mediocrity! And down with all gods and columns!"

There is something to be said, no doubt, for the attitude which these gentlemen adopt. But why on earth go to the trouble of writing articles and printing them, and then printing them again and publishing them in a book? How much better to play bridge or golf!

DR. RONALD BURROWS.

Ronald Burrows: A Memoir. By GEORGE GLASGOW. With a Foreword by E. K. VENISELOS. (Nisbet. 15s.)

THE writer of this review joined the staff of King's College a few months before Dr. Burrows's premature death, and his only personal relations with the Principal were a correspondence at the time of his appointment. He therefore approaches virtually as a stranger the personality portrayed in Mr. Glasgow's memoir.

No one can read this book, which is ably written by a sincere and devoted admirer of Dr. Burrows, without being interested in the subject of it. It is interesting, to begin with, that Fortune should have cast Dr. Burrows for an academic career. The scholar driven by economic pressure into the administrative side of academic life and baulked of his natural vocation is a familiar figure in the modern University world. Dr. Burrows was an instance of that opposite and rarer type—the born man of action who is incidentally a scholar. He produced one eminent work of scholarship, "The Discoveries in Crete and their Bearing on the History of Ancient Civilization," which will always be remembered as an early and a masterly synthesis of the results of Sir Arthur Evans's work. At the same time, this was not the field in which he pre-eminently excelled or in which he made his name. Dr. Burrows, unlike most scholars, was evidently what it is now the fashion to call an "extrovert." He expressed himself best in his relations with other people, and these relations were of a dynamic character. In some he aroused instinctive devotion, in others instinctive opposition, but he seems never to have left anyone unaffected by contact with him. Thus the administrative and diplomatic side of the academic career, which is a burden to many, gave him the opportunity to use and develop his faculties, and opened for him an avenue into the world of international politics, which was absorbing more and more of his energies during the last few years of his life. This was the unusual and remarkable feature in his career.

In his character the most obvious trait was an indomitable but almost feverish energy, which was sometimes impulsive, often pugnacious, nearly always resourceful, and invariably spirited. He was never robust in health, and—owing to his many social and philanthropic activities—he was apparently always somewhat straitened for means. He thus lacked both those material advantages, one or other of which has usually been possessed by men who have distinguished themselves in practical affairs. His income Dr. Burrows learnt to supplement by speculating on a small scale but with great skill on the Stock Exchange, and Mr. Glasgow's amusing chapter on this will remind classical scholars of the story of the Greek philosopher (was it Thales?) and the oil presses. Health was a harder problem, and unhappily Dr. Burrows attempted to solve it by living upon his physical capital. His "utter inability to rest" enabled him to combine the parts of scholar, university administrator, social worker, and diplomatist, but it wore him out before he had completed his fifty-third year. The picture drawn by Mr. Glasgow of his last months is very moving:—

"One of the things Dr. Burrows liked as he lay ill was to be wheeled out on to the terrace of King's College at lunch time and to watch the students as they walked on the Embankment. At first they were unaware that their dying Principal was watching them, and then, seeing him, they waved their hands and thereafter did it daily, to his greater comfort than they knew."

During the seven years of his Principalship at King's College he made a new departure by organizing the study not only of the languages but of the history and culture of modern nations, particularly those of Eastern Europe. I do not, however, propose to enter into this, since I was personally concerned in the sequel, and it is probable that, if Dr. Burrows had lived, I should have come into sharp conflict with him.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

MR. VEBLEN'S THEORIES.

The Theory of the Leisure Class. By THORSTEIN VEBLEN. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

Absentee Ownership. By THORSTEIN VEBLEN. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

The Vested Interests and the Common Man. By THORSTEIN VEBLEN. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

It is unfortunate that America's best critic of the established economic order should often be so difficult to read. Mr. Veblen's English is frequently involved, his economic jargon is all his own, and he has a habit of obscuring his thesis by the introduction of rather doubtful anthropological material. Mr. Veblen, as an English economist has pointed out, is at his best as an essayist, and, where he is dealing with a single aspect of social life, his work is both penetrating and amusing. "The Theory of the Leisure Class" comes under this heading, and it is a brilliant book. When, however, he attempts a comprehensive criticism of the economic system, as he does in "Absentee Ownership," it is only by a considerable effort of will that we can discover whether his remarks are really profound or only cumbersome. We feel, too, that we are entitled in a full-sized economic survey to the aid of an occasional concrete example, and we should have more confidence if he gave us more frequent references to his sources of information.

America is probably the best country in which to study the characteristics of the "Leisure Class." For in Europe we have grown used to the correlation of honour with disutility, and time has somewhat confused and mellowed our social relationships. In America the institution is of recent growth, and among the majority of people the idea that a gentleman is one who can afford to live on other people's labour is not yet generally accepted. But in recent years a "leisure class" has begun to emerge, and it exhibits all the usual characteristics. Especially on the Atlantic seaboard, where contact with Europe is continual, the grandchildren of men who made money are already beginning elaborately to forget how it was made, are beginning to employ as much unnecessary labour as possible, because it is expensive, and to change their fashions as often as costumiers can invent new ones, because to wear an obviously different style of dress every few weeks is a conspicuous way of showing that they can afford to waste money. There are other signs with which we are also familiar. No English public school can now compete with some American Universities in their enthusiasm for sport, and they are only following our English lead when they discover moral reasons for sacrificing the upper-class youth of the country to the cult of athletics. Most significant of all, however, is the growth among a small section in some Universities of a leisured attitude to learning. Business America still demands a business education, but the new gentlemanly class, having made the excellent discovery that business is not everything, have begun, by way of reaction, to express contempt for any knowledge which can possibly be of any social utility. Among this class (still a small one) the older kind of "Oxford culture" is therefore the fashion, and, in spite of the fact that America has the finest indigenous architecture in the world and that Gothic is the least suitable style of building for modern domestic purposes, there is now a marked tendency to erect elaborate imitations of England's more famous colleges in American Universities. The assumption appears to be that culture is a kind of moss which grows spontaneously where a suitably mediæval building offers the appropriate soil.

The characteristics of leisure-class psychology which Mr. Veblen notices are, of course, to be found in the works of many social satirists. But neither Samuel Butler nor Mr. Shaw, nor even, we think, Mr. H. G. Wells, has given us so comprehensive an account of these characteristics, and no economist before Mr. Veblen has fitted them into a general theory of society. He is, above all, concerned with the justification for different kinds of property, and is anxious to emphasize the growing distinction between economically productive Capital and Capital which is only parasitic. He agrees with Mr. Tawney in believing that much of the theory which supports private property to-day rests on the assumption of an economic order which has passed away, and is a justification for certain kinds of private ownership and a condemnation of others. Most useful of all, perhaps, is his "law of conspicuous waste,"

which deserves far more than its usual recognition among academic economists. Its root, perhaps, lies in the "unlimited passion for ostentation," which Adam Smith noted as one of the economic motives of man. But many neat theories would have been confused and complicated if the followers of Adam Smith had thought it necessary to consider the implications of his psychological observations.

"ARCHITECTURE" IN BOOKS.

SOME idea of the present state of architecture can be gathered from an armful of new books upon the subject.

"Architecture in England," by Cyril Davenport (Methuen. 6s.), is a little book which serenely carries on a phase of the Gothic revival. By "architecture" is here tacitly meant mediæval detail. Out of a volume of 154 pages 136 are devoted to mediæval forms. Since 1840 such little volumes have followed each other in a ceaseless stream. Few of the most vital interests affecting human welfare have been better served by publishers than have the shapes of the twelfth- and thirteenth-century doors and windows. But publishers are not missionaries. Apparently a large part of the British public love and read, and will continue to pay for, such little books, just as, ignoring all else, they will still come to London especially to see St. Bartholomew's Church and Liberty's new Tudor House. "Rules for Drawing the Several Parts of Architecture," by James Gibbs (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), is a reprint of a treatise intended for both amateurs and professional architects of the eighteenth century. By "architecture" is here meant a correct scale of values in shapes generally accepted by educated persons. That the shapes were "classic" is not surprising at that time, since so much else in thought and expression was also "classic." The book has a lively introduction by Mr. Christian Barman, beginning "When Ruskin. . . ." It is, perhaps, a pity that Gibbs has been chosen and not Chambers, whose text is more valuable and whose proportions are more refined. Such reprints are part of the modern classical movement in architecture. Just as some Englishmen love mediæval forms for their own sake, so others love Italian forms, and love them in a manner unknown to Frenchmen or Scandinavians. The two devotions are side by side in our climate and in our character, and exist not as whims, but as deep instinctive preferences. But this duality produces a considerable bending stress on the minds of architects exposed in actual practice to opposite forces. It is not surprising that as a profession they are clearing their minds and strengthening their hands. A glance at the contents page of "The Architect in Practice," by Mr. Harry Barnes (Ernest Benn. 7s. 6d.), gives some idea of the purely technical qualifications necessary to the student. Supervision work, certificates, arbitrations, property, &c., are all well handled by the author. When the architectural profession is compared to law or medicine, the number of such text-books is seen to be small.

Architects are meanwhile inducing in their own ranks some critics who, while awakened to forgotten duties to their language—their instruments of expression—have also real knowledge of the actual stresses under which a work of architecture is produced. In "Good and Bad Manners in Architecture" (Philip Allan. 6s.), the author, Mr. A. Trystan Edwards, insists that the whole city is the work of art having a unity of its own, and that buildings are only the members. Thus the "embellishment" of a town, a term debased, must consist primarily in getting a right relationship between the members. Mr. Edwards has a terrible instance to his hand and uses it with effect. In the old Regent Street, Nash had combined an admirable order with the variety of effect loved by Englishmen. The street was a work of great and complex civic art, produced by a lucky combination of chances, and many city churches could have been better spared. When Mr. Edwards would arrange the shapes of city buildings according to a kind of moral hierarchy, he is less convincing. The relationships should be set primarily by the angle of sunlight and a desire for fine spaces.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams Ellis, in "The Pleasures of Architecture" (Cape. 10s. 6d.), have written a very valuable book. By "architecture" is meant the whole field, and it

is admirably analyzed from the point of view of the architect and the critical citizen. There is a clearness of presentation arising from a thorough planning of their thesis. The difficulty in architectural criticism is to distinguish values without divorcing them, and to maintain the distinctions through a delicate argument. Their success is well seen in the paragraphs on originality in design and in many others. But the authors should avoid the snare of an essayist style which has added here and there an unnecessary sentence. Since architectural criticism of this kind is largely without tradition, it is free to choose the finest instrument to its hand, namely, modern scientific prose, where style is only economy and rapidity in movement. The authors' most valuable critical contribution is their careful restatement of Mr. Geoffrey Scott's "mechanical fallacy."

Professor C. H. Reilly, of the Liverpool University School of Architecture, has made of his short biography of C. F. McKim, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, in the Masters of Architecture series (E. Benn. 8s. 6d.), an excellent statement of what he calls "the central position in architectural thought," that is to say, architecture based on Roman and Italian inspiration. In the 'sixties of last century, McKim left the America of the Gothic revival for Paris, where he studied in the Beaux-Arts schools. But he was always "nearer Rome than Paris." McKim not only had an instinctive preference for Italian forms, but he realized on his return to New York that only by the imposing of the classic scale upon the wealth-ridden tastes and warring nationalities of America could order be evolved out of chaos. McKim did in America what the Roman architects did in Europe two thousand years ago. He set a fine civic standard and insisted on a grand manner. McKim stood "for the sane solution of every problem—the solution, that is to say, which has its roots in the general history of civilization." The value of the classic scale is that it insures a certain universality in expression. Professor Reilly says: "The architectural world is too wide, it knows too much of the past to be content to-day with merely eccentric or purely personal solutions to great problems." Professor Reilly has lucidly and with consistency maintained this "central position in architectural thought" in his teaching at Liverpool University. Its success is that a broad standard of taste is actually achieved there, and much modern improvement is directly due to the Liverpool University schools of architecture and town-planning. Its danger is that this standard is achieved at the risk of a certain sterility in essential design. The work at Liverpool is well complemented by that of the Architectural Association School in London, illustrated in a "Book of Design by Senior Students of the Architectural Association" (Ernest Benn. 21s.). The introductory notes in this book are far from showing any clear aesthetic, but generally speaking, "design values" are given first importance. The attitude is experimental. This is seen best in the programmes or sets of requirements for each building printed opposite the design. The authors of these programmes are not content with only the orthodox requirements—direction is also given as to the best position of the "marital suite" in the town house; in the council chamber acoustics must dominate the whole design, and in the country house the night nurseries must not be over servants' sitting-rooms and must have cross ventilation. All this is excellent, so long as a steady rationalism preserves the bases of design against the various exotic influences that in these times sweep across Europe. The greater the ultimate emancipation aimed at in architecture, the surer must be the talent employed, and the more strictly must it be disciplined in its initial stages.

H. B.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

"THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF PROSE AND VERSE," edited by George Sampson (Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d.), gives for the general reader a selection of passages to illustrate the first volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature." The present volume starts from the beginnings and carries us down to the cycles of Romance. "A History of Modern English Romanticism," by Dr. Harko G. de Maar,

Vol. I. (Milford, 10s. 6d.), is by a Dutchman, and deals with romanticism in the Elizabethans and in the eighteenth century. "Walt Whitman, a Study and a Selection," by Gerald Bullett (Grant Richards, Limited Edition, 15s.), is a finely printed book, and contains, besides over a hundred pages of selections, a biographical and critical introduction.

Among new editions, one may note Shakespeare's "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" in The New Shakespeare (Cambridge University Press, 6s.). There are now eight plays ready in this edition, which is edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. Volumes 8 and 9 in "The Collected Works of Arthur Symonds" (Secker, £12 the set of 16 volumes) have been published. They contain "Studies in Literature" and "Studies in Seven Arts." Among reprints the Oxford Clarendon Press publishes a type-facsimile of "Milton's Poems 1645" (10s. 6d.), a very charming book, and Messrs. Etchells & Macdonald, in "The Haslewood Books," an exact reprint, page for page and line for line, of the first edition of Bacon's "Essays," with "Meditationes Sacrae" and "A Table of Coulers" (7s. 6d.).

In "The Borough Series," which gives for children a survey and history of London Boroughs from early times to the present day, we have "Battersea," by Ethel Woolmer, and "Chelsea," by G. B. Stuart (Sampson Low, 2s. each).

Two rather "specialist" books deserve notice: "The Kelmscott Press and William Morris, Master-Craftsman," by H. Halliday Sparling (Macmillan, 18s.), which gives a full account of the famous Press, its ideals and achievements; and "Nothing or the Bookplate," by Edward Gordon Craig (Chatto & Windus, edition limited to 280 copies, 3 guineas), which contains an introduction by Mr. Craig and reproductions of bookplates designed by him.

This is the season when the annual book of reference appears upon our table. There are already "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionship, 1925" (Dean, 75s.), now in its 212th year and a very portly volume; "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, 1925," in its 83rd edition; and "Kelly's Handbook of the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes, 1925," which is now in its 51st year, and has grown in the last year by over 100 pages.

We note the issue of Vol. V. of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" (Chambers, 20s.). It begins with FREJ and goes down to HUMB. Vol. X. of "The Oxford English Dictionary," Section "Whisking-Wilfulness" (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s.), has also appeared.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Social Struggles and Socialist Forerunners. By M. BEER. (Parsons. 6s.)

The third volume of Mr. Beer's "General History of Socialism and Social Struggles" describes the evolution of social thought during the period of transition from the Middle Ages to Modern Times. The subject is immense, but has been compressed with considerable skill. The salient features of the class struggle are emphasized and detailed analysis is avoided, so that the main thread of the argument is kept clear throughout. It is noticeable that at the close of the Middle Ages communist thought was concerned with the preservation of the legal status of the peasant, which was threatened by the break-up of the village communes and the enclosure of the common lands. As the communal system receded into the past, communism became more Utopian and revolutionary, while at the same time its association with Church reform dissolved. The author's interpretation of history is sometimes debatable, but nevertheless the book is readable and stimulating.

In the House of My Pilgrimage. By LILIAN M. FAITHFULL. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.)

In recommending Miss Faithfull's autobiography one is tempted to select a few finger-posts as guides to intelligent readers, since full examination is out of the question. She belongs to the first generation of professional women. She has held educational posts of the highest importance—first at the King's College for Women when it was lodged at Kensington; next at Cheltenham, where she succeeded Miss Beale. But she does not believe in co-education. She does not think it right that small girls should be encouraged prematurely to become full-grown

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women. "I believe that it is the need for sustained effort which prevents any but very exceptional women producing in literature or art original works of the first class." Although a schoolmistress, she likes wine. Although a schoolmistress, she has no desire to spend her vacations listening to the British Association. She likes picking up chairs cheap; has an exceptionally pleasure-loving disposition, and concludes this autobiography with the remark, "One cannot sit down meekly with folded hands for the rest of one's life." Inadequate as they are, these sign-posts serve to indicate that the book sheds light on two women: Miss Faithfull the Mistress, and Miss Faithfull the woman. Now the administrator lectures and theorizes; now the human being remembers and confesses. Both would appear to be still full of life. Why not therefore number this volume, Number One?

* * *

The Return of the Cutty Sark. By C. FOX SMITH. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

"The Cutty Sark," which has once more swum across our newspapers lately, was built fifty-five years ago, so stoutly, so conscientiously that she ruined the firm of ship-builders who made her. Nor was it at once that her supreme virtue as a sailing ship became manifest. For years she was engaged in the China tea trade without special fame, but it was under Captain Woodget, at the respectable age of fifteen, when she had taken up Australian traffic, that she showed her full powers. Miss Fox Smith tells the stirring story of her rapid voyages, of her races, of the storms in which she was supreme, with energy and enthusiasm. She tells how a nigger was killed on her, which led to a mutiny of sailors demanding the murderer's blood, and how Captain Wallace, accused of shielding him, jumped into the Java sea. Had Conrad heard this before he wrote "The Nigger of the Narcissus," we wonder? She records the melancholy decline of sailing ships, and how "The Cutty Sark" fell into evil hands and grew dirty and poverty-stricken, and was bought by the Portuguese. Happily, Captain Dowman saw her, and now owns her, and she is still afloat in something of her old trim. The story is well worth reading, and Miss Fox Smith has the nautical learning which does so much to substantiate the high romance of the story itself.

* * *

The Wonder Book of Plant Life. By J. H. FABRE. (Fisher Unwin. 15s.)

This book is almost, if not quite, as fascinating as the famous naturalist's famous works on insects. Fabre begins with the Hydra and Coral, and goes on in the first chapter to the vegetable world. He deals with the individual life of the vegetable world, with its various parts, functions, and powers, and with such particular subjects as sleep and the ascent and descent of sap. Certainly the peculiar charm of the author and his capacity for making everything which he writes about exciting are exemplified in this book.

* * *

A Treatise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament. By Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY. Edited by Sir T. LONSDALE WEBSTER. (Butterworth. 55s.)

This is the thirteenth edition of May's classic, of which the first edition was published eighty years ago. It is noticeable that no fewer than seven new standing orders have been added since the last edition.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

MR. BERNARD SHAW and Mr. Archibald Henderson continue their discussion in the "Fortnightly Review" of "The Great War and the Aftermath." To Mr. Henderson's question "Do you think that, on the whole, the effects of the war have been beneficial to mankind?" Mr. Shaw replies, "The war shook down the Czarism, an unspeakable abomination, and made an end of the new German Empire, and the old Apostolic Austrian one. It settled the Irish question; it gave votes and seats in Parliament to women; and it gave Prohibition its dead lift over the final obstacles in your country. It is conceivable that another war, if frightful enough, might even reform our spelling. But if society can be reformed only by the accidental results of horrible catastrophes—if these results are the precise opposite of what was intended by those who brought about the catastrophe—what hope is there for mankind in them?"

Other articles in the same paper are "The Navy in the Limelight" by Mr. Archibald Hurd, "War Debts" by "Augur," and an unsigned article on "Egypt for the Egyptians." "The British Government has spoken straightly at a moment when straight speaking was necessary, and has declared it has no intention of abandoning its policy. But—and this feature of the British ultimatum cannot be too clearly emphasized both in the British Empire and in Egypt—there is no suggestion in it that Great Britain has a new Egyptian policy."

The "Contemporary Review" prints an article on the same subject by Major-General Lord Edward Gleichen, and Mr. George Glasgow has a note on the murder of Sir Lee Stack in the Foreign Affairs columns. Lord Parmoor writes in the same paper in defence of the Geneva Protocol; Miss Edith Durham has a paper called "Fresh Light on the Serajevo Crime"; there are articles by Mr. F. W. Hirst, Mr. W. Pringle, and Mr. Harold Spender on "The Future of Liberalism"; and Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., has an interesting article on Labour and the housing problem.

"The Mask: an illustrated Quarterly of the Art of the Theatre," and the "smallest serious paper in the world," opens, on page 1, with very large print, changes half-way through to letters of a medium size, and gives the last words of its message in the very smallest of type, as if the energy of exhortation had worn out a strong voice and reduced it to a, still persuasive, whisper. The criticism of actor-managers, theatre designers, and dramatic critics and actresses is frank and biting; the enunciation of doctrine is as passionate as an almost fanatical enthusiasm can make it. This, the first number of Volume XI, has the beginning of a series of large plans of cities. It consists of twenty-four full-page plates, showing the city of Rome in 1748, according to the map made by Giovan Battista Nolli, "every street, church, palace, academy, theatre, and almost every house being indicated clearly."

"The Adelphi" for this month has a long paper by the editor on "Poetry, Philosophy, and Religion," a continuation, apparently, of the rather portentous study of Keats which Mr. Murry embarked upon, after due warning, some time ago. Mr. D. H. Lawrence describes "The Hopi Snake Dance," and there is a short poem by Mr. Wilfred Gibson. Mr. James Aldis contributes an essay on "The Divorce between Theory and Practice" (in science). There are two short stories: "The After-Meeting" by Roger Dattler, and "The Dream" by Mary Arden, both rather explosive in style, highly emotional, and vaguely significant.

"The Torchbearer, a Review of Education and the other Arts," now in its third number, has bespoken and received the blessing of Mr. Charles Trevelyan, late President of the Board of Education. "It is refreshing," he writes, "to read a review which is able to deal with humane education in a humane manner, and to ignore those administrative and political controversies which are too often apt to obscure the *vitali lampada*." The present number deserves such praise. "The Open-Air Nursery School" by Miss Margaret McMillan, "The Boy Scout Movement as a Factor in Education" by Mr. E. K. Wade, and "The New Spirit in History Teaching" by Mr. F. S. Marvin are essays of particular interest.

"The Slavonic Review," published by the School of Slavonic Studies in the University of London, King's College, contains excellent general articles, as well as translations of plays and stories from the Russian, the Albanian, and the Czech languages. "A Tear," the Albanian sketch by Lumo Skëndo, gives a description of a vendetta which cost thirteen lives, and ended as if it had been a children's quarrel. "How Mr. Vorel coloured his Meerscham Pipe," from the Czech of Jan Neruda, translated by N. B. Jopson, holds a reminiscence of the work of Chekhov. Among the general articles there are "The 'Nep' in Eclipse" by Boris Bakhmetev, late Russian Ambassador in Washington, "The Caucasus since 1918" by Zurab Avalov, and "The Restoration of Old Russian Paintings" by N. Levinson.

There is a short poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy in "Chambers's Journal," "A Bird Scene at a Rural Dwelling," and a reprint of his first published work, "How I Built Myself a House," which appeared sixty years ago in that paper.

The "Cornhill Magazine" has "Christmas in Wessex: an Echo from Thomas Hardy," by Rowland Grey, and "The Growth of a Military Spirit in China" by Brigadier-General C. D. Bruce. C.B.E.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

SECRECY IN ACCOUNTS—P. & O. AND HARLAND & WOLFF—RUBBER.

SECRECY in the accounts of public companies is always to be deprecated, for frank and full information is a reasonable concession for Capitalism to make to Democracy. It is noticeable that in this matter companies connected with shipping are among the worst offenders. The leaders of the shipping world—Lord Inchcape in particular—have consistently set a bad example to their commercial confrères. The P. & O. shareholders have reason to complain of being kept in the dark by the annual accounts. Turning to the last year's balance-sheet, they will find one unilluminating item of £13,207,735, covering "sundry investments (less loans), cash at bankers' and in hand, and debts owing to the company," and another of £14,674,616, comprising "steamers, tugs, &c., and payments on account of new ships." They will find profits cloaked as "net results" after allowing for unknown depreciation, so that these figures are no real index of earnings, and cannot even be compared from year to year. It is commonly asserted and believed that during the last five years £12,000,000 has been written off profits for depreciation of ships—a figure that might account for the moderate profits shown. It is obvious that if Lord Inchcape were not so sparing of figures, the "deferred" shareholders (an apt description of them) could reasonably claim higher dividends. Indeed, Lord Inchcape confessed as much in his speech in December, 1923, when he let slip the remark: "To say much more might lead to their being urged to increase the dividend." One deferred shareholder remarked at the general meeting that the return on the whole of the capital employed was considerably less than 3 per cent. He was putting it too mildly. If the assets stood at their real value in the balance-sheet, the Company's capital would be nearer £50,000,000 than £15,000,000 (including debentures), and the return negligible.

An allied concern, of which Lord Inchcape is Chairman, the British India Steam Navigation, excels even the P. & O. in secretive accounting by showing all its assets in one item of £14,703,839. The Orient Steam Navigation follows its example. One item of £3,834,419, out of total assets of £4,455,188, covers "book value of fleet, plant, and investments, including payments on account of steamers under construction." This reactionary attitude on the part of shipowners has, unfortunately, been imitated by at least one important shipbuilding company. The occasion was an invitation to the public to subscribe for shares, which points the dangers of this habit of financial secretiveness. In July last, Harland & Wolff, Ltd., made an issue at par of 4,000,000 First Cumulative 6 per cent. Preference Shares of £1. There was some trumpeting in the Press that this was the first time the public had been "let into" this old-established shipbuilding firm, which "during the last thirty-eight years had headed the tonnage output list of the United Kingdom on nineteen occasions." Yet the prospectus was the most secretive of financial data of any we have seen. The public was merely informed that the dividends on the £3,000,000 Ordinary shares for thirty-eight years had averaged over 10 per cent. per annum, and for the last twenty years over 11 per cent., and that in no year had the dividend on the Ordinary shares been less than 5 per cent., which was the rate paid in 1923. The Reserve Funds were over £1,500,000. That was all the financial information contained in the Prospectus. No balance-sheet, no statement of assets, no statement of profits, and all that the Prospectus vouchsafed to say of the purposes of the issue of £4,000,000 Cumulative Preference shares was "to provide additional capital to pay off all outstanding loans." It transpired later that the issue was, in fact, to pay off an overdraft at the bank. A statement has recently been issued to the Press, which savours strongly of propaganda, giving the tonnage returns for Messrs. Harland & Wolff during the year 1924. For the

last three years their shipbuilding yards at Belfast, Glasgow, and Greenock have launched over 100,000 tons of shipping. But at what profit was this "notable record" achieved? The First Cumulative Preference shares of Harland & Wolff stand at 18s. 6d., and a Sunday contemporary has recently had the courage to recommend them as an investment. We can only hope that its optimism may be justified. It is a little disquieting that attempts to obtain a full statement of the Company's financial position since the issue fell to a heavy discount have so far proved unsuccessful.

A correspondent puts forward the following estimate of the rubber situation:—

During the latter period of restriction, the American buyers, convinced that the pivotal price of 1s. 3d. would produce as much rubber as could be required, especially as Dutch native production was increasing considerably, held off the market and let the price slip away below 1s. (In the early months of restriction it had been up to 1s. 6d.) This meant that they had to use up their stocks of rubber, and the banks doubtless encouraged them to do this. But just as the hibernating bear who lives on his own fat must eventually start the normal process of eating, so must the American manufacturer eventually buy for use and replenishment. Meanwhile, by living from hand to mouth and letting rubber fall below 1s., he has brought into operation the harsher clauses of restriction, with the result that crops are now on a 50 per cent. basis. Stocks have rapidly been decreasing, but we have not yet felt the full effect of the last turn in the restriction screw, as this is affecting the tree now, but has yet to affect the market. America has, therefore, to face the spring with stocks falling to a dangerous level, prices hardening, and her trade demanding quite as much rubber as last year. Furthermore, her requirements may be as much increased by the balloon tyre with its bigger rubber content as they were decreased by the introduction of cord tyres. This means possibly a rubber famine in the next few months, and certainly good prices for some months to come, while the release clauses are providing the amount of rubber that the world requires. Some say that the Dutch native will fill the gap, but recent increases in his production are all from areas planted before restriction. Generally, planting has been at a standstill for the last ten years, and even the native cannot concertina six years' growth into one year. Whether there will be another period of slump because restriction will release too much rubber depends upon the next eighteen months' requirements. A stationary demand will mean another surplus after an 80 per cent. release. The success of the mostly-rubber type of balloon tyre might mean steady progression to full tapping at big prices. In any case the normal 10 per cent. increase of world demand should mean full tapping in three years, and it will be strange if demand suddenly halts just when it needs full production. The best chance of an increased demand for rubber lies in Europe, especially if she really settles down to good trade.

In general, the predictions of our correspondent agree with the accepted view of present market conditions. It is almost certain that rubber shares will attract speculators and investors who have made big profits in other branches of tropical agriculture. It is important, however, not to overlook the intrinsic artificiality of the present rubber position. Sir Laurence Guillemard, the High Commissioner, in a recent speech before the Federal Council in Malaya, warned the planting interests not to look upon the restriction scheme as permanent. Almost the hint of its removal would cause a price reaction. There may be a shortage of rubber in the next few months, yet the world's potential production is still considerably in excess of consumption.

